COLLECTION

- OF -

Orange Songs

PUBLISHED BY

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.,

TORONTO, CAN.

M1744
C644
1895
Mus. Rare

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TO THE

ORANGEMEN OF THE WORLD

THIS BOOK OF SONGS

IS DEDICATED.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

mf

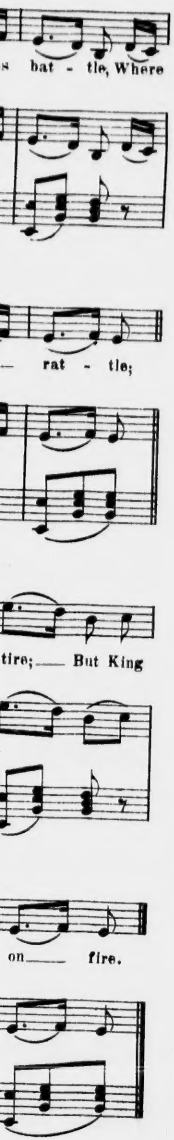
1. Ju - ly the first in Old-bridge town, There was a glo-rious bat - tle, Where

ma - ny a man lay on the ground By the can - non that did rat - tle;

f

King James he pitched his tents be-tween The lines for to re - tire; But King

Wil - liam threw his Bomb balls in And set them all on fire.



2. Thereat enraged they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And often cried vehemently,
That they would stop their courses;
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm,
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

3. Then Duke Schomberg he in friendly care
His King would often caution,
To shun the spot where bullets hot,
Retained their rapid motion:
But William says, "he don't deserve
The name of Faith's Defender,
That would not venture life and limb,
To make a foe surrender."

4. When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they defended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended:
The horse were first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after;
The brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

5. The valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William then accosted
His warlike men for to march on,
And he would be the foremost:
"Brave boys," he says, "be not dismayed,"
"For the loss of one commander
For God will be our King this day,
And I'll be general under."

6. Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle;
Our cannon, to our foe's great cost,
Like thund'ring claps did rattle;
In majestic mein our Prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after,
With blows and shouts put the foes to rout,
The day we crossed the Water.

7. The Protestants of Drogheda,
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful:
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tried at the Millmount after;
But brave King William set them free,
For venturing over the water.

8. The cunning French near to Dulcek,
Had taken up their quarters;
And forced themselves on every side,
Awaiting for new orders;
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the fields on fire;
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

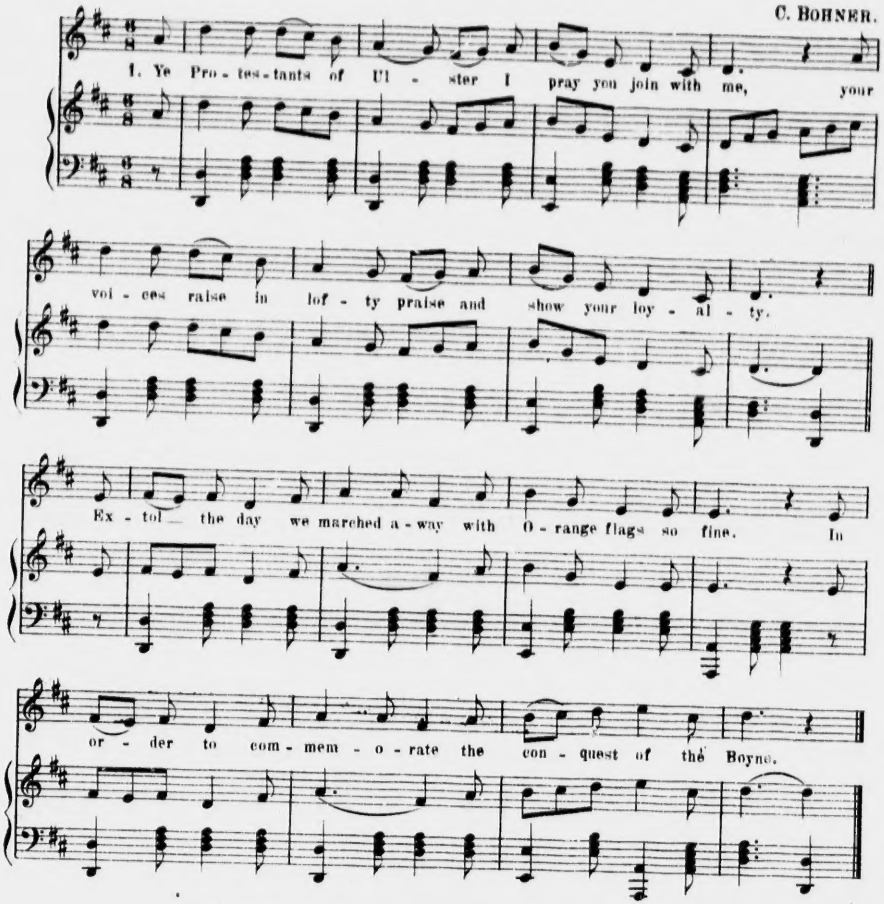
9. Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
"I'm glad indeed that none of ye
Seemed to be faint-hearted:
So sheath your swords, and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow after,"
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

10. Come let us all with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valor shewed,
And made his foe surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever after;
And bless the glorious memory
Of William that crossed the water.

✠)As this celebrated battle may be said to have decidedthefate of Ireland, we cannot do better than commence the volume with the sturdy old ballad which so truthfully commemorates that important event. There is not a spot in Ireland more hallowed than the Boyne. The history of our country might be written on it's banks, where the earliest Irish Kings reigned, the earliest laws were framed, and the earliest poems sung. Through it's sacred stream Christianity entered Ireland, and on it's margin was proclaimed the triumph of civil and religious liberty.

LISNAGADE.

C. BOHNER.



2. The first who fought upon that day the Prince of Orange was
He headed our forefathers in his most glorious cause;
Protestant rights for to maintain, and Pop'ry to degrade;
And in the memory of the same we fought at Lisnagade.

3. 'Twas early in the morning before the rise of the sun,
An information we received our foes each with his gun
In ambush lay, near the highway, intrenched in a fort,
For to disgrace our Orange flag, but it chanced they broke their oath.

4. We had not marched a mile or so, when the white flag we espy'd,
With a branch of Podereens on which they much relied.
And this inscription underneath – "Hail Mary, Unto Thee–
Deliver us from the Orange dogs, and then we will be free.

5. At half an hour past two o'clock, a firing did commence,
With cloude of smoke and showers of balls, the Heaven was condensed.
They called unto their wooden gods, to whom they used to pray,
But my lady Mary fell asleep and the cowards ran away.

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"NO SURRENDER."

C. BOHNER.

1. Fill to the brim, now drink to him, Of proud im-mor-tal mem-o-ry,— Who
2. Here are we met, we'll ne'er for-get, The day our val-iant sires assembled, And

crossed the wave the hold the brave, To make our fa-thers coun-try free.——
stood in might and fought for right, While co-wards crouched and trai-tors tremb-led.

Sons of the free then drink with me, In memo-ry of our brave de-fen-der, come
Then from the heart be-fore we part, We'll give— our val-iant brave de-fen-der, come

fill— each glass and let— it pass our toast shall still be "No Sur-ren-der."
fill— each glass and let— it pass our toast shall still be "No Sur-ren-der."

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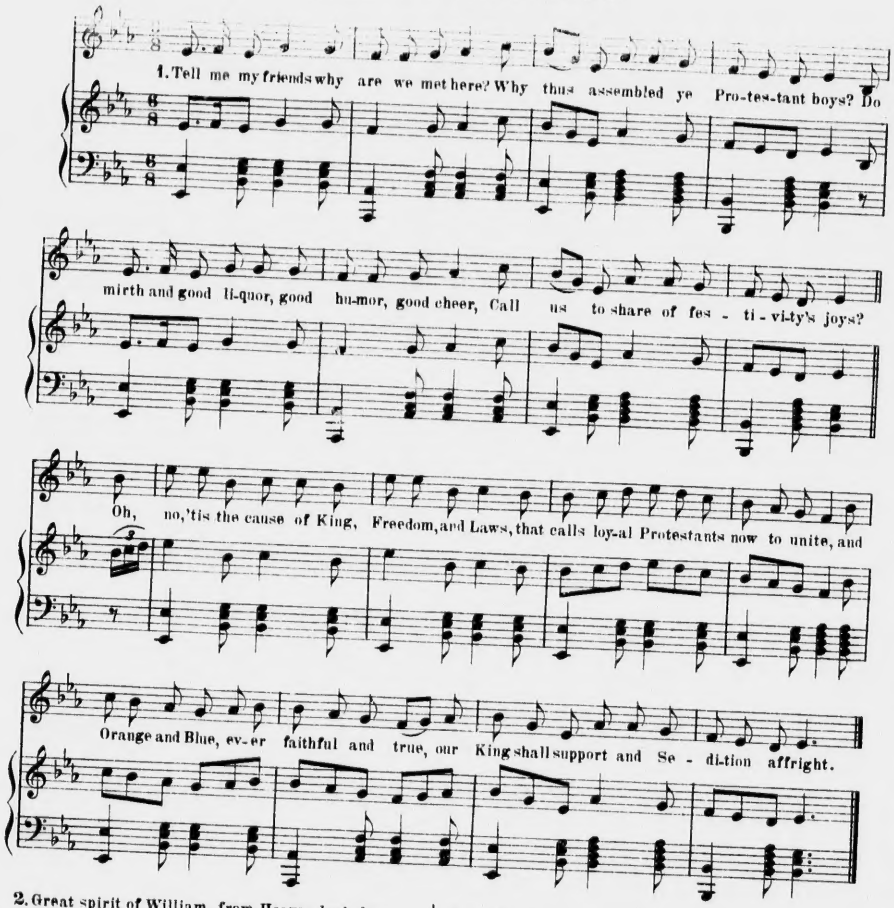
PROTESTANT BOYS.



2. Great spirit of William, from Heaven look down,
And breathe in our Hearts our forefathers' fire -
Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire.
Jacobine - Jacobite -
Against all to unite,
Who dare to assail our Sovereign's throne,
For Orange and Blue
Will be faithful and true,
And Protestant loyalty ever be shewn.

3. In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,
Bound together in truth and Religion's pure band;
For honor's fair cause, with foul Bigotry stain,
Since in Courage and Justice supported we stand.
So Heaven shall smile
On our emerald isle,
And lead us to conquest again and again;
While Papists shall prove
Our brotherly love;
We hate them as masters - we love them as men.

4. By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
Our Protestant heroes shall combat the foe;
Hearts with true honorty and loyalty fired,
Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
In Orange and Blue
Still faithful and true,
The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;
The shades of the Boyne
In the chorus will join,
And the walkin re-echo with 'God save the King!

ANTI-REPEAL SONG.

C. BOHNER.

1. Ye sons of loy - al - ty a-rise and fear-less-ly u - nite De-lay not see your e - nemies, col-lecting all their might. See how the wi - ly traitors all with un-remitting zeal Strive to advance both great and small Re - bel - lion or Re - peal.

2. Then Protestants arise defend
The union strenuously
Remember that thereon depends
Your lives and liberty
Acting to Britain lest you may
Too soon be taught to feel
The iron rod of popish sway
Should they obtain repeal.

3. Let Parliament no more neglect
This treason to subdue,
Nor will mere threatening have effect
They must be up and do.
Let them arrest the traitors, and
With firm and loyal zeal
Have this proclaimed throughout the land
There shall be no Repeal.

4. Many were to the scaffold led
For treason not so great
As that which they now, void of dread
Speak 'gainst the church and state
Shall rebels with impunity
Oppose the empire's weal
Shall they from punishment be free
Who agitate repeal.

5. And let the end rebellion be
There threatenings we disdain
The Legislative union we
Shall with our live's maintain.
Ye valiant loyal northern men
Shall die with bond to seal
The well shot guns of Ulster then
Shall thunder "No Repeal!"

6. Then Protestants your country calls
That you as brethren join.
Remember Derry's maiden walls
And Aughrim and the Boyne.
And let your foes remember too
Though it their blood congeal
We now as then will them subdue
They'll never get Repeal.

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"THE BELLEER LOYAL ORANGE LODGE."

mf

1. All you O-rangemen he-roes I pray give at-ten-tion Un - to these few lines I

late ly did write. Con - cern-ing a few true loy - al bro-thers That

meet ev'- ry month po - pe - ry to af-fright. It is our in - ten-tion when

f

we meet to-geth - er, To in-struct each oth - er in the ho - ly law Which

Moses re-ceiv-ed when the Lord him instruct-ed And King Williams e - nemies still keep in awe.

2. Three hundred forty and five is our number
We lovingly meet in the town of Belle
With hearts free from wrath or malicious anger
And the holy scripture we venerate here—
We are a few brothers that are free from mixture
Or contamination from popery at all
And we pity with feeling all our blinded neighbors
Who foolishly bow to the image of Baal.

3. It still is our prayer when we meet together
That these ties of slavery soon shall be broke
That all shall conform and none shall dissemble
But each fellow creature put on the same yoke.
The Antichrist's pillars of strength shall be broken
And brotherly love dwell with each one and all—
Then we'll be convinced of what was predicted
Of his demolition and Babylon's fall.

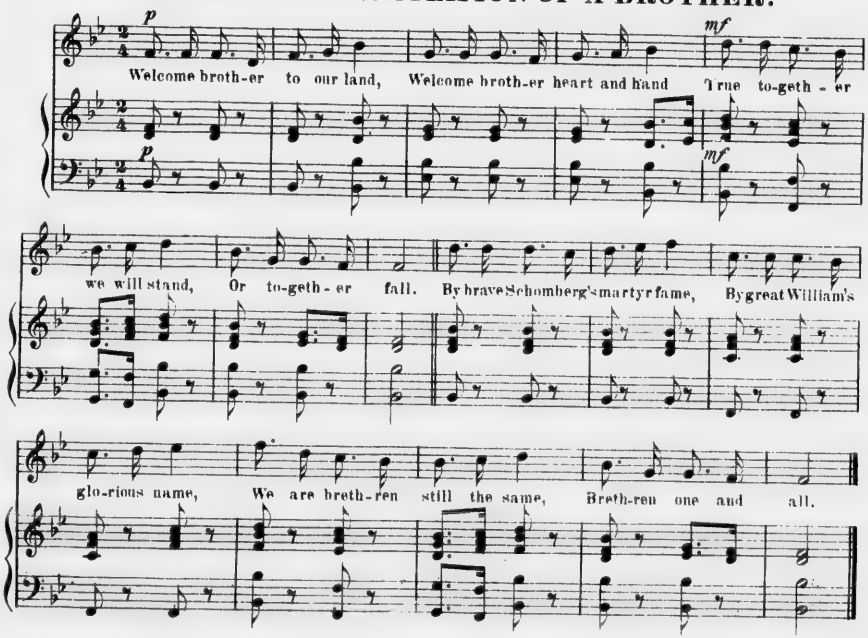
4. Maynooth may now tremble from the very foundation
Since Peel's out of office and old Dan is dead
And the people's beginning to glance o'er the errors
That his predecessors through the world have spread.
I hope that he'll toss all their crosses and alters
And the foolish images hung round the wall
And cause them to burn their beads and their dickets
And no more on the angels or saints to call.

5. The Demagogue medaler they call Father Matthew
He covered our land with perjury and woe
For sake of the silver he traversed the island
And the foolish dupes on their knees had to go.
They had then to vow that they would keep from whiskey
And use all their influence to make others do so
And in less then four hours that very same medaler
In the public houses swift coaster to go.

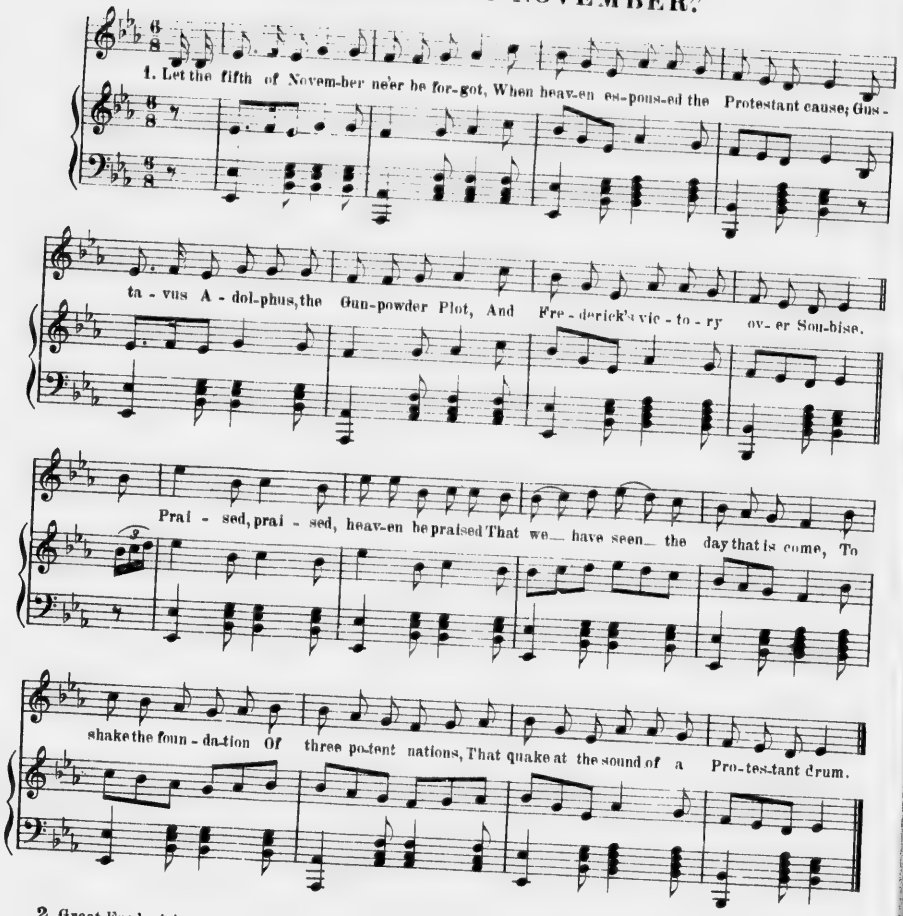
6. The Israelites fell under the same trangression
To a calf of gold they bowed themselves low
Which Aaron constructed at Satan's direction
Who always has been every Christian's foe.
For forty long years the Lord did afflict them
With many diseases we have on record
Because that they swerved from the way of salvation
Which God had appointed in his holy word.

7. Our Lodge it consists of seventy-two members
All loyal and true to the Bible and Crown
We reverence King William that glorious leader
Who by the Lord's guidance put popery down.
We join heart and hand when we do meet together
And to praise Jehovah I hope we'll not fail
Who smothered the feelings of the Irish leader
And banished the prospects of Dan and Repeal.

LINES ON THE INITIATION OF A BROTHER.



"THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER."



2. Great Frederick was roused to make his defence,
While Europe in secret his ruin designed;
Hungary, Russia, Germany, France,
Swore Protestants all should be Sacrificed.
Danger, danger, imminent danger,
Threatened to rain the best of mankind
Drums sounded to battle,
Where cannons did rattle,
And Protestant boys advanced to the line.

3. The legion advanced, with banners displayed,
Wing, rare, and van, for many a mile;
The Prussians of numbers who ne'er were afraid,
Stood cocked ready in rank and in file,
At the word of command to see them fall on,
O, Heaven, was ever such fire and smoke.
With blow up[illegible] helmets
That cracked t[illegible] m li[illegible] walnuts—
The North pole echoed at every stroke.

4. When Louis of France he heard his troops run,
He attempted to speak—but found he was dumb,
He made signs for champagne to quicken his veins,
And then cried out with loosened tongue,
Wonder, wonder, nothing but wonder,
Could have forced my Irish brigade,
Or make my Guns des Armes,
To shrink at alarms,
Or show their backsides to these Prussian blades.

5. When Mary of Hungary heard of the news,
Her legions were beat and dare not be seen,
Her girdle gave way before she could say,
Get me some drops to temper this spleen.
Vapors, vapors, hysteric vapors,
Swelled her body as big as a tun;
To ease suffocating,
With belching and blowing,
Her voice it did roar like Great Frederick's drum.

6. News came to the Pope that the Germans were broke,
Just as he was sitting down to his tea;
He let fall cup and saucer which cost a plaster,
And cried "My dear cardinals what shall I do?"
Go to St. Peter or send him a letter,
And tell him if ever he loved me to run;
And if he don't come soon,
To send good St. Dustan,
To beat out the head of this Frederick's drum.

7. These Protestants are in league with the devil,
Or whence shall all those victories come.
The prayers of the mass are falling apace,
And Heaven itself contending with Rome;
Water, water, more holy water,
To sprinkle my catholics every one,
And get us more crosses,
To make up our losses,
And relics to match the Protestand drum.

8. You are all told of a general array,
To be summoned by a sound of a trumpet to come
With terrible tone from Babel to Rome;
'Twill strike you with terror like Frederick's drum.
Awake, awake, and see the day break,
When the prayers of the Pope cannot save Rome;
You'd better reform
For fear of a storm,
Or dread what still follows the Protestant drum.

FOR THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

C. BOHNER.

1. When William fired with glo-ry's cause Crossed Boyne's sil-ver flood, — He freed us from all po-pish laws, And nob-ly shed his blood. — For us he brav-ed the rag-ing sea, It was in our — cause he bled, "Death, death," he cried, or "Vic-to-ry," And on his troops he led. —

2. Then swift before his conquering arm
James and his legions flew
Nor priest nor mass nor pope could harm
The hero of True Blue.
He fought and conquered, glorious day,
On which he set us free;
Triumphant rise each Orange lay,
And bless his memory.

3. Go fame thy golden trumpet sound
Let angels join the theme
And earth and sea and sky resound
In praise of William's name.
Yes fame thy golden trumpet sound
And all the Nations fill
From pole to pole the theme rssound
The Orange triumphs still. U. S. Copyright 1895 by WHALEY, ROYCE & Co

WIDE O'ER THE LAND WITH DEADLY BLAST.

1. Wide o'er the land with dead - ly blast Re - bel - lion's trump is blown, Sir;

p *cresc. sempre*

Fair peace is fleed and in her stead Frowns hor - ror on his throne, Sir

By— fac - tions torn poor E - rin mourn her best, her brav-est sons, Sir;

f

and in the days seems to retrace, The scenes of forty one, Sir.

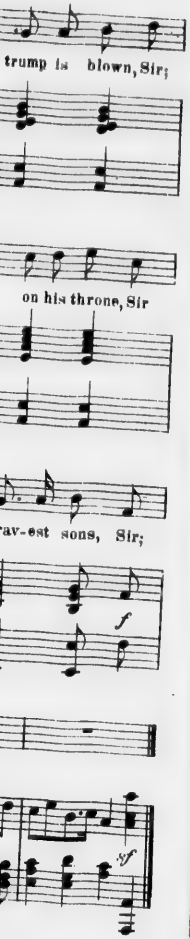
ff *sf*

2. See here beneath the Assassin's knife,
Falls Hamilton the goal, Sir,
There Knipe and Butler, loyal souls,
Lie weltering in their blood, Sir.
Now Orangemen both great and small,
Rouse every spark within you,
St. George's call inspire you all,
And brace each manly sinew.

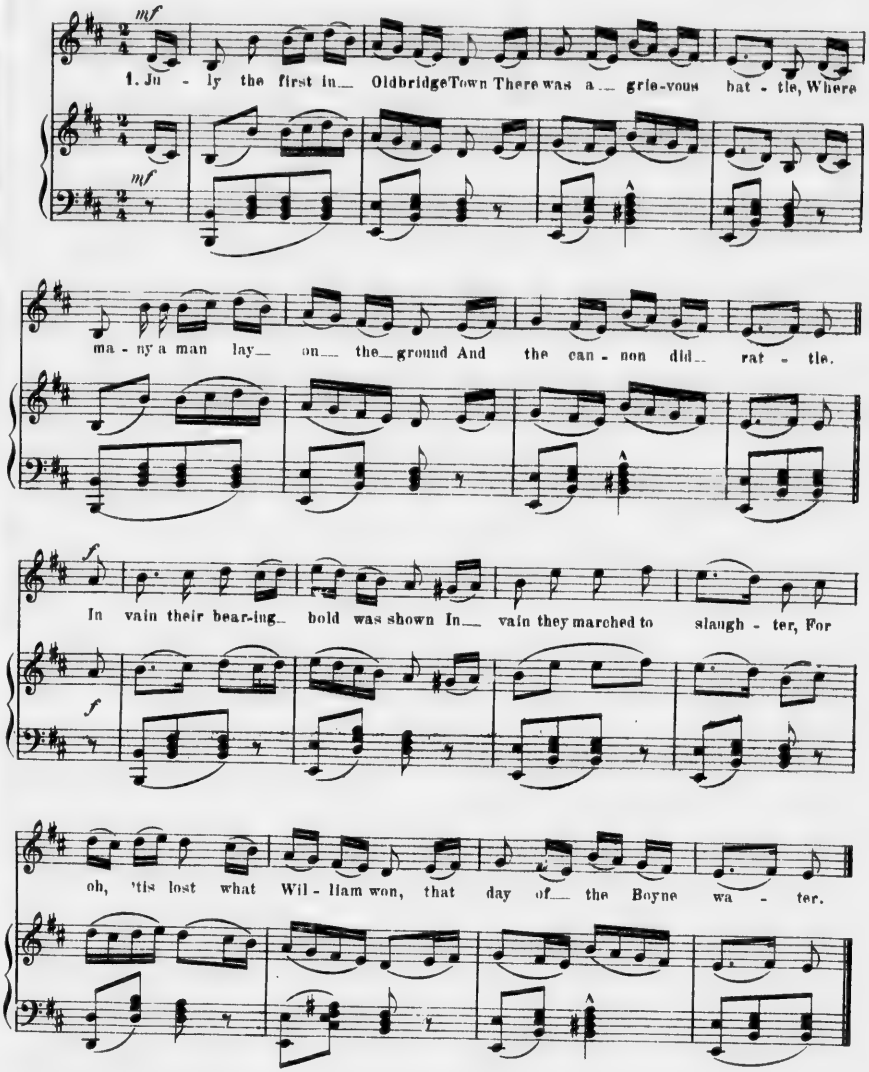
3. Lamented shades, be mine the task,
Your merits to unfold, Sir,
And fan the shame of just revenge,
In every loyal soul, Sir.
Illustrious in our bosoms reign,
Each loyal heart enraging,
And lead us on with traitors all,
Eternal warfare waging.

4. 'Tis done, the sun of glory comes:
Rebellion's mists are clearing;
Loud thunders roll from pole to pole,
The Orange flag is cearing.
Oh, may it still triumphant stand,
And treason melt before it;
And thronging myriads crowding round,
For ages still adore it.

5. Bright, as when o'er the ensanguined stream
It's waving honors shine, Sir,
I see it rise and proudly grace
Imperial George's throne, Sir.
Delighted Erin hails the day
Her chiefest glory hence, is
And pours through all her sons this strain—
In hoc signo vinces.



KING WILLIAM'S VICTORY.



2. By no illusive Phantom led
Or visionary glory
Our gallant fathers nobly bled
The theme of song and story.
In Freedom's cause their swords were drawn
Through fire and death they sought her
But fear had lost what valour won
That day at the Boyne Water.

3. But yet we'll drink a health of those
Who still to honor cleaving
Around that cause were soon to close
Which dastard souls were leaving
Fair truth o'er all the ills may rise
Which fear or fraud have wrought her
And days return when men shall prize
The deeds of the Boyne Water.

DERRY WALLS.

1. Full ma - ny a long wild win - ter's night And sul - try sum-mer's day, Are past and gone since James took flight, From Der - ry walls a - way: Cold are the hands that closed that gate, A - gainst the wi - ly foe; But here to time's re - mot - est date, Their

Chorus.

spi - rit still shall glow. So here's a health to all good men, Now fear-less men are few; But when we close our gates a - gain, We'll then be all true blue.

2. Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
With drums and trumpets gay,
Our 'prentice boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play:
While some opposed the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.
When honor calls to Derry walls
The noble and the brave,
Oh, he that in the battle falls
Must find a hero's grave.

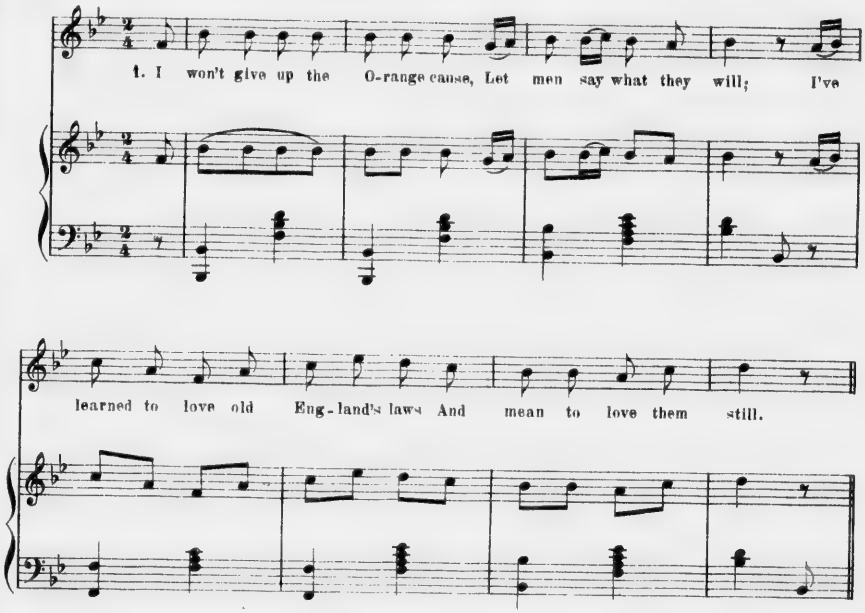
3. Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound;
While thousands in wild war's array
Stood marshalled all around.
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood;
But all was vain the town to gain,
Here William's standard stood.
Renowned are those who face the foes,
As men and heroes should;
But let the slave steal to the grave,
Who fears to shed his blood.

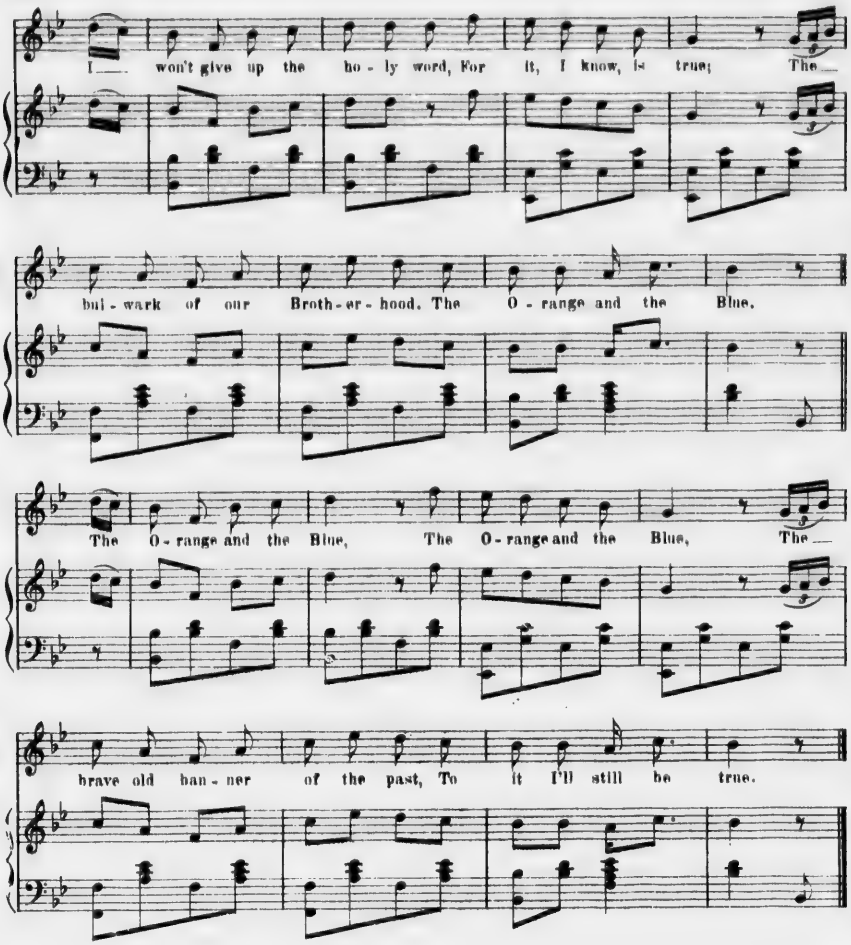
4. The matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the tyrant's frown,
On history's bright rolls appear
Emblazoned in renown:
Here deathless Walker's faithful word
Sent hosts against the foe;
And gallant Murray's bloody sword,
That Gallic chief laid low.
We honor those heroic dead,
Their glorious memory:
May we, who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be.

5. Oh, sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see;
And witness all our fathers felt,
To make their country free.
They saw the lovely matron's cheek,
With want and terror pale;
They heard the child's expiring shriek,
Float on the passing gale.
Yet here they stood in field and blood,
As battle raged around;
Resolved to die, till victory,
Their purple standard crowned.

6. The sacred rights those heroes gained
In many a hard-fought day
Shall they by us be still maintained,
Or basely cast away?
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our isle,
And call it all their own?
Oh, surely no, the faithless foe,
Must bend before the throne.
But here's a health to all good men,
To all good men and true;
And when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

THE ORANGEMAN'S RESOLVE.

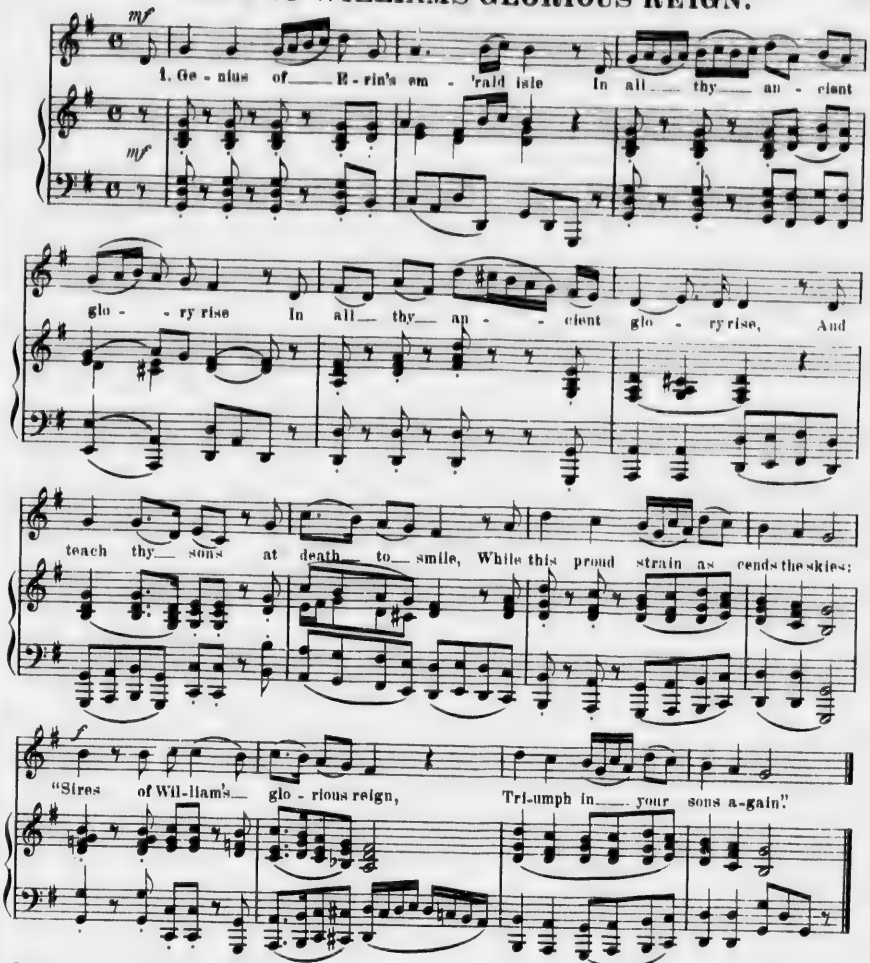




2. Against the Altar and the Throne,
The infidel may prate;
But while I am an Orangeman,
I'll stand by Church and State:
And I will be an Orangeman,
And, Brothers, stand by you,
While I've a living heart to love
The Orange and the Blue.
The Orange, etc.

3. With all true-hearted Protestants,
I will go hand in hand,
In aiding Freedom's sacred cause,
And our old Fatherland;
But won't join the Home Rulers,
Or crafty Papist crew;
For they are leagued together, 'gainst
The Orange and the Blue.
The Orange, etc.

4. Let not the poor man hate the rich,
Nor rich on poor look down;
But each join each true Protestant,
For God and for the Crown;
And for old England all unite,
As Orange Brethren do,
Around their "No Surrender" flag—
The Orange and the Blue.
The Orange, etc.



2. Awake true sons of Erin, awake,
Attend your King and country's call
Beneath your bands shall treason shake
Beneath your arms shall treason fall,
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
In their sons shall fight again."

3. Hark down the Boyne's immortal flood
Flows this sublime triumphant sound
Where like yon column firm they stood
Till Victory's self their virtue crowned:
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Bid their sons their rights maintain".

4. Hark, from Aughrim's blood-stained fields—
Stained with the blood that warms your heart—
The shades of those who ne'er could yield,
Thus prompt the Patriot's awful part:
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Trust their sons to guard this plain".

5. And hark from Derry's sacred wall,
That spurned the tyrant at their feet
A guardian voice inspiring calls
And Derry's sons the strains repeat:
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Guard in us these walls again."

6. Again shall Enniskillen pour
Her heroes for their rights to die;
Before them as in days of yore,
Shall traitors, tyrants, Frenchmen, fly
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
Fought not for their sons in vain."

7. The men of Erin catch the flame,
The spirit of the Isle's abroad;
They pant to share their father's fame
Like them in war and death unawed.
"Sires of William's glorious reign,
'Ne'er can call their sons in vain".

DANIEL O'CONNELL IN PURGATORY.

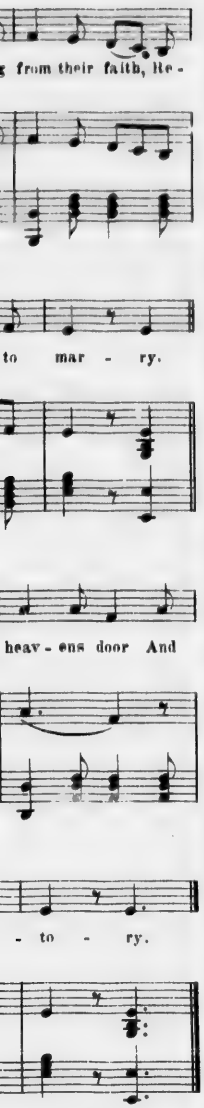
1. Have you not heard the Scrip-ture saith, How some de-part-ing from their faith, Re-

ceive their Doc - trine from be-neath, For - bid - ding for___ to mar - ry.

Now this is Rome, the mys-tic whore, Who keeps the keys of heav-ens door And

trades in dead men's soul demure By Po - pish pur - ga - to - ry.

RY.



2. Doctor Miley he has said
When Dan the Irish King was dead
Angels were waiting at his head
His soul to heaven to carry;
Maynooth and Rome they formed a plan
And robbed the Angels of old Dan—
The Kerry boy we understand
They have got in Purgatory.

3. Dispatches from the Pope have come
To all the priests of mystic Rome
To change or alter poor Dan's doom
His soul from thence to carry;
Condemning them to celebrate
High Mass throughout the church of late
His soul from thence to extricate
Out of this Purgatory.

4. Ye papists gather up your pence—
You know he's waiting in suspence—
Your liberator bring from hence
No longer let him tarry;
Your Dan that pleaded for repeal
Is bearing now Peg Tantrim's flail;
Pay up ye sons of Granuaile
Your King's in Purgatory.

5. The Heretics they cannot tell
About this gulf 'twixt heaven and hell
Where Dives did for water yell
And none to him would carry
But Rome has made it more complete
They have holy oil to grease their feet
And holy water if it's meet
For Dan in Purgatory.

6. Think on your King and for him pay—
He agitated night and day—
Like Balaam's ass, aloud did bray
'Gainst Aughrim, Boyne and Derry.
On walls of clay of bricks and stones
He pictured death's head and cross-bones;
Ye Foigabalachs, how he groans
He is heard from Purgatory.

7. To Bernard he bequeathed his soul
His body to the Irish mould
His heart to Rome—that was the whole—
His head a wig did carry.
He's looking now to every part
Where he gave body, soul, and heart;
Oh, bring your cash and then you'll start
The old Fox from Purgatory.

8. Oh, hard's his fate if he must stay
Like other beggarmen I say
For Gratis-prayers on All Saints' Day
O let that never carry
Sell Scapulars, crosses, cords and beads
And all green sashes and cockades
All Irishmen—do lend your aid
For Dan in Purgatory.

9. They say they have power to bind or loose
In heaven or hell just as they choose
The papist that doth refuse
To pray to her Sanctuary;
They'll curse with candle, book and bell—
These poor blind dupes deserve it well
That would let Pag Tantrim's flail pell-mell
Thresh Dan in Purgatory.

10. Now Stowell Gray and Hugh O'Neill
May churches build 'gainst Granuaile—
While Rome's the head, Maynooth's the tail—
Their projects will not carry.
'Twas braying, blowing, blustering Dan
When travelling to the holy land
That lost the trick his merits scanned—
He's now in Purgatory.

11. Here's books and bags for my son John
In agitation he'll go on
And chase the Saxons every one
From Tara's hill to Derry
He'll drive all Heretics abroad—
They have no right to the holy sod—
They would not eat the Wafer God
Or believe in Purgatory.

12. Before my song comes to a close
Here's a flowing health to those
Undaunted boys who faced their foes—
The Prentice Boys of Derry.
Let all true brethren with me join
To sing of Aughrim and the Boyne
Where we received the Pass and Sign
To walk over Purgatory.

WE'LL DIE OR BE FREE.

1. Come a-rouse my brave com-rades let what may be-tide, Our lodgeroom's our
2. Though the loud voice of time-serv-ing dupes may be heard, What mat-ter, our

mf staccato

home and our sys-tem's our pride; Up up with our co-lors that pa-pists may
flag soars a-loft like a bird; What to us is the threat of this place-hunt-ing

see We are loy-al and brave and we'll die or be free. We
train We have conquered be-fore and we'll con-quer a-gain. The

fear not vile Priest craft, we heed not it's laws. We have our Mas-ter
shaft of these des-pots a-round us may fall. They may threat, they may

to guide the fight for our cause, And nev-er as co-wards or
boast, but they can-not ap-pal, With Je-ho-vah a-bove us and

mp

slaves will we kneel, While we've pow-der and ball and a good blade of
u-nion be-low, Through the host of a Pha-raoh right on-ward we'll

steel, Then a-rouse my brave com-rades let what may be-tide Our
go. Then hur-rah my brave com-rades our foes lie a-sleep, In

mf

lodgeroom's our home and our sys-tem's our pride; Up, up with our
me-mo-ry of Wil-liam fill high and drink deep; Let your ban-ners float

co-lors that Pa-pists may see, We are loy-al and brave and we'll
proud-ly o'er land and o'er sea, We have conquered, we've won, now we're

cresc.

die or be free. We are loy-al and brave and we'll die or be free.
loy-al and free. We have conquered we have won, now we're loy-al and free.

f

THE GATES OF LONDONDERRY.

Larghetto.

RECITATIVE.

fp *fp* *fp*

fp *p*

On Der-ry's walls once stood a gal-lant few, Whom fa-mine, war, dis-

ease, could not sub-due, Long raged the siege and as each bold de - fen - der, Gave up the ghost, he

sigh'd forth "No Sur-ren - der."

Allegro.

ARIA.

Trumpets. *ff* Tutti. Trumpets. *ff* Tutti.

Trumpets. *ff* Tutti.

1. 'Twas when this win-try blast, Its chil-ly horrors cast, In gloom-y dark De-
2. Now lightnings flash'd a-round, And quick the balls re-bound. A-bout the embatt'-led
3. Though fa-mine's wolf-ish tooth, Prey'd on both age and youth. Though spec-tre like they

cem-ber; Then came with vaunting boast, King James and all his host, Cry-ing,
wall; Red war, with fie-ry breath, Cast Pes-ti-lence and death, And
walked; Se-rene they look'd the while, Though ghast-ly was the smile, Which

"Der-ry! now Sur-ren-der!" But vain all their po-pish arts, The gates shut by
gal-lant men did fall. But vain was all their can-non's flash, For po-pish James could
Ja-mes' fu-ry mock'd; Though war and hun-ger fill'd the grave, Their hopes were still that

gal-lant hearts, Who shout-ed, "We don't fear ye!" Who shout-ed, "We don't
nev-er dash These hearts with high hopes chee-ry. These hearts with high hopes
God would save Those hearts now sad and drea-ry. Those hearts now sad and

p

fear ye! Then hail to them who link'd their fates, The 'Pren - tice boys who
cher-ry. Then hail to them who link'd their fates, The 'Pren - tice boys who
drea-ry. Then hail to them who link'd their fates, The 'Pren - tice boys who

shut the gates The gates of Lon-don - der-ry, The gates of
shut the gates The gates of Lon-don - der-ry, The gates of
shut the gates The gates of Lon-don - der-ry, The gates of

Lon - don - der-ry.
Lon - don - der-ry.
Lon - don - der-ry.

ff

p

4. At length when death had spread His black wings o'er their head, With

p *ff* *p* *ff*

war and want, with war and want and toil; New hopes their minds em-

ploy, The gal - lant ship Mount - joy, Comes bound - ing up the Foyle, With

swell - ing sail and tow'- ring mast The boom is broke, the dan - ger's past, And

now brave hearts are mer - ry, And now brave hearts are mer - ry. Then

p

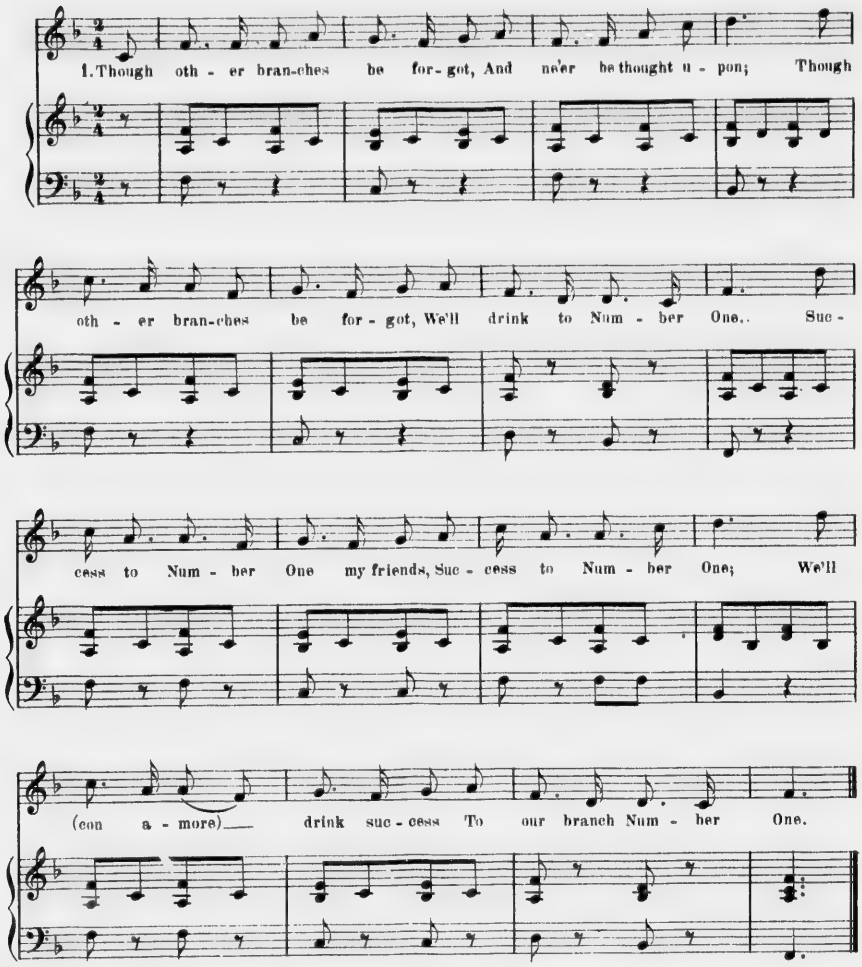
hail to them who link'd their fates, The 'Pren - tice boys who shut the

gates, The gates of Lon - don - der - ry, The gates of Lon - don -

der - ry.

"SUCCESS TO NUMBER ONE."

(Inscribed to Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., President, and the other Officer of Branch Number One.)



+2. Then here's a hand my brother true,
And thine unto it join;
We'll prove that we are all true Blue
Who belong to Number One.
Success to Number One my friends,
Success to Number One;
We'll prove that we are all true Blue,
And belong to Number One.

3. Then here's to P. and V. P. too,
We'll S. and T. subjoin,
And may they e'er prove warm and true
To our branch Number One.
Success to Number One my friends,
Success to Number One;
We'll (con amore) drink success
To our branch Number One.

+) The Members all stand and join hands (right over left) during the singing of this verse.

FALL OF ROME.

Andante.

1. Up, — up with the — li - ly and — down with the — keys In the ci - ty sev - en hil - ly we'll — rev - el at ease Her streets shall be go - ry, her Ti - ber all red — Her temp-les so hoa - ry shall e - cho our tread.

2. In triumph we'll mount o'er the walls of old Rome
And who then shall count o'er the spoils of each dome?
Nor sorrow nor pity shall breathe in her walls
When the great harlot city before the ark falls.

3. Thou towering Babel polluted with crime
No more art thou able to baffle with time
Thee once the world's wonder the heretics vanquish
And tread thy sons under in terror and anguish.

4. Then up with the lily and down with the keys
In Rome the seven hilly we'll revel at ease
Her streets shall be gory her Tiber all red
Her temples all hoary shall echo our tread.

"THE ARMY AND NAVY."

Allegro.

1. Fear not, my Peg-gy, stor- my winds, Nor dread the ex-ul-ting foe, 'Tis ho-nor calls my King commands, And Co-lin now must go. He goes but soon shall come again, Enriched with spoils and fame; Now dry these tears my bon-ny lass, To weep it were a shame. The an - chor's weighed, The crew on board, Our conqu'ring flag unfurled And England's glo - ry Still shall be The won-der of the world.

Chorus.

2. Our gracious Prince with one accord,
We'll join with heart and hand,
To nerve his hand with gentle sway
Protects this happy land.
With filial love and duty joined
His cause we will defend,
For Europe finds and owns in him
A Father and a Friend.
The anchor's weighed, etc.

3. Where'er from coast to coast we sail
Our praises fly before,
And British valor is renowned,
From Ind' to Afric's shore:—
We shun no toil— no danger dread—
No vain alarm we feel,
Nor prize our lives, but as they may
Promote our country's weal.
The anchor's weighed, etc.

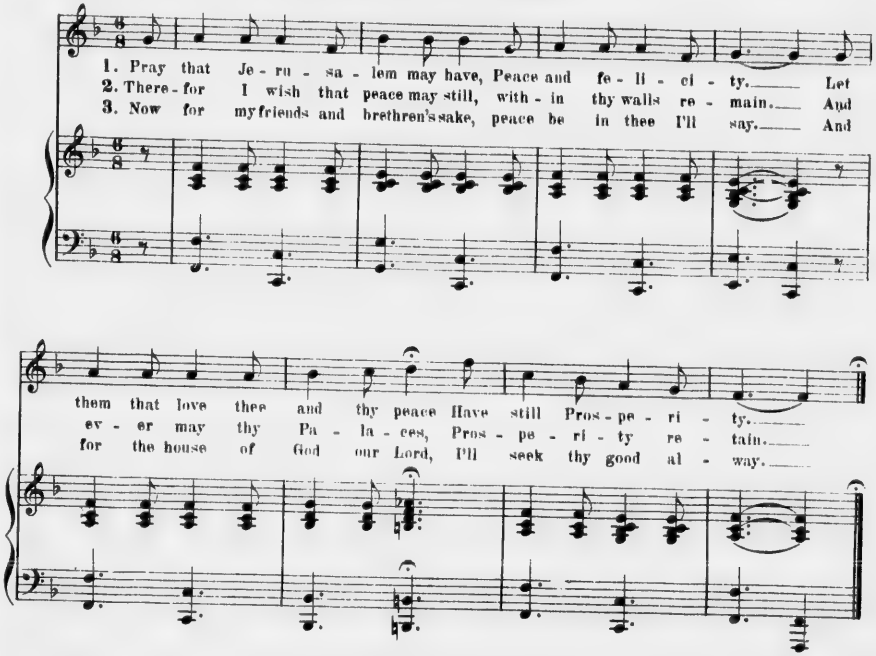
4. We've resumed Spain-invaded France
At Leipzig raised a flame,
Where babes unborn as years advance,
Shall bless the British name;
Then here's to Stewart in Court or Camp
Or wheresoe'er he roam,
For those who fight for us abroad
Should be revered at home.
The anchor's weighed, etc.

5. From Holland 'tis remembered yet,
Our Great King William came:
To Holland now to pay the debt,
We go with conquering Graeme.
Barrossa's fields his deeds reports
Sabastian owns his fame,
And Frenchmen buried in Belgian forts,
Shall find him still the same.
The anchor's weighed, etc.

6. Then fear not Peggy from the mast
The signals wave in air
The boatswain pipes all hands on deck
And Colin is not there.
My bonnie lass I love thee well
But love my honor more;
In haste he kissed her blushing cheek
The boat forsook the shore.
The anchor's weighed, etc.

7. And Peggy wiped the pearly drops
From eyes as black as sloes
May heaven protect my Colin's life
She cried, where'er he goes;
For heaven can turn the ball aside
When danger hovers near,
And trusting in it's guardian care
I'll banish every fear.
Yet gladly shall I see again
Our conquering flag unfurled
And hail our glorious fleet returned
The wonder of the world.

BREAKING UP SONG.



THE VOICE OF BRITAIN.

1. A - way, my brave boys, haste a - way to the shore, Our foes the vile French, boast they're

straight coming o'er To— mur - der and plun - der and ra - vish and burn, Let

them come—we'll take care they shall ne'er re-turn: For a round the white Cliffs, Hark, the

notes loud-ly ring, Brave Britons are ready, Steady, boys, steady, To fight for old England our

laws and our king.

2. They knew that united, we sons of the waves,
Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen nor grovel like slaves;
So before they durst venture to touch on our strands,
They strove with perdition to poison our land.
But around the white Cliffs the notes wildly ring, etc.

3. They swore we were slaves, all lost and undone,
That a Jacobin nostrum as sure as a gun,
Would make us all equal and happy and free:
'Twas only to dance round their Liberty's tree.
No, no round the Cliffs let the notes loudly, etc

4. But their note is now changed and they threaten to pour
Their hosts on our land to lay waste and devour;
To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore
Nor cease to destroy till Old England's no more.
Let them come if they dare-hark, the notes, etc.

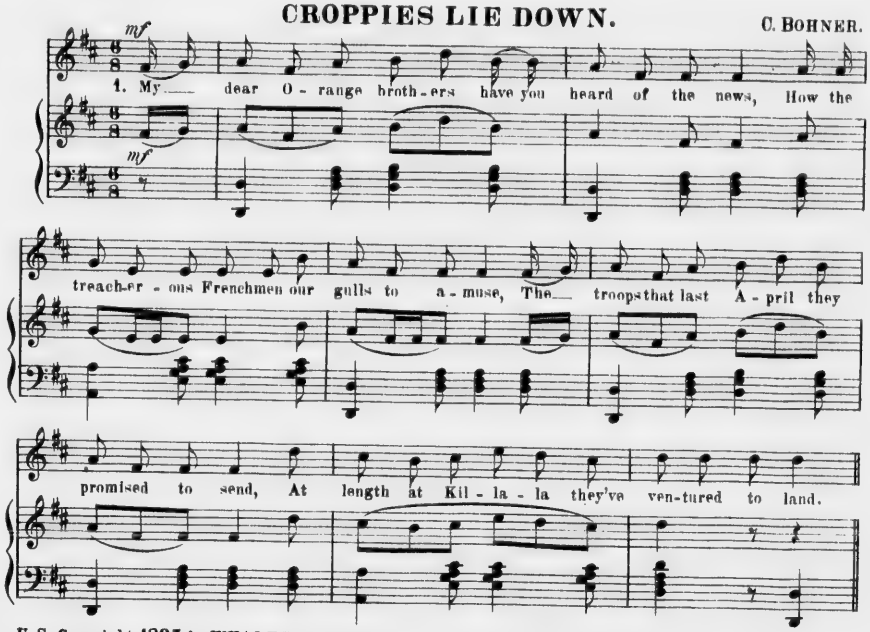
5. My sweet rosy Nancy is a true English wife,
And loves her dear Dick as she loves her own life;
Yet she ties on my knapsack and smiles while I go
To meet the proud French and to lay their heads low.
And chants round the Cliffs, let the notes, etc.

6. And Ned my brave boy, with a true English heart
Has entirely forsaken his plough and his cart;
His farm he has quitted to work in a trench,
And all for the sake of a cut at the French.
While he sings all day long, let the notes wildly ring, etc.

7. Away then my boys, haste away to the shore,
Our foes the vile French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder and ravish and burn—
They may come— but by G,— they shall never return,
For around the white Cliffs, hark, the notes, etc.

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

C. BOHNER.



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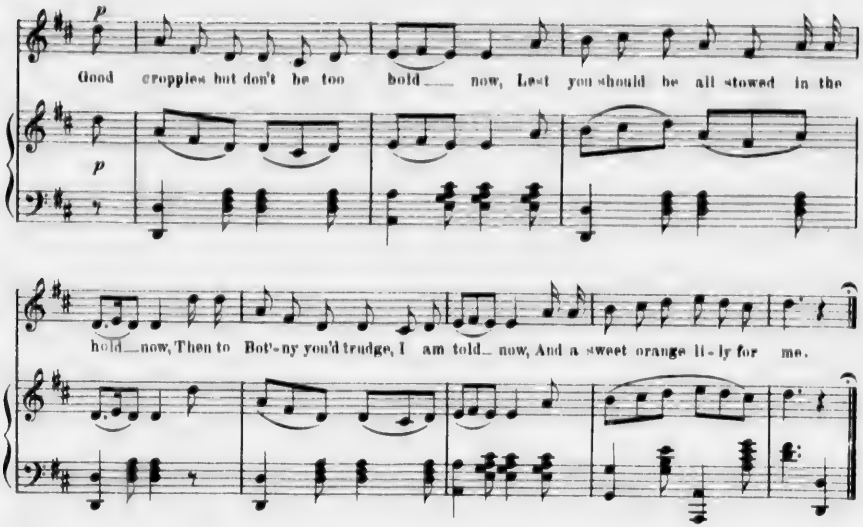

2. But now that they are landed they find their mistake
For in place of the Croppies they meet the brave Lake
He soon will convince them that our Orange and Blue
Can ne'er be subdued by their plundering crew.
Good Croppies, etc.

3. That false traitor Emmet, more ungrateful than Hell,
With McNevin and Arthur, tho' fast in their dell
What they formerly swore they have dared to deny,
And the secret Committee have charged with a lie.
Good Croppies, etc.

4. But as by their falsehood it is clear they intend
To induce our poor peasant the French to befriend;
We shall soon, I hope, see them high dangling in air,
'Twould be murd'ring the loyal such miscreants to spare.
Good Croppies, etc.

5. On the trees at the camp Crop Lawless intended
To hang up all those whom their country defended;
But the scene is reversed, a good joke it will be
In the place of dear Camden to put up those three.
Good Croppies, etc.

6. Judgement being entered on that bloody Band,
Execution should follow— the people contend;
Why say it (they say) when engagements they've broke
The Direct'ry deny every word they had spoke.
Good Croppies, etc.

7. Then gird on your sabres, my brave Orangemen all,
For the Croppies are down and the Frenchmen shall fall
Let each lodge sally forth from one to nine hundred,
Those free-booters e'er long with the dead shall be numbered.
Good Croppies, etc.

"AND DO OUR IRISH PROTESTANT."

1. And do our Irish Protestants For - get their for - mer spi - rit And do they not their fathers zeal And loy - al - ty in - he - rit. Oh, yes to guard Vic - to - ria's throne, That loy - al spi - rit ris - es And all the haugh - ty threats of Rome And Po - pe - ry de - spis - es. Then brothers come the chorus join For each to each is broth - er One re - vo - lu - tion to de - fend We will op - pose an - oth - er.

Chorus.

2. Our Orange banner waves on high,
Appals the band of treason,
In dauntless courage firm we stand—
In honor, truth, and reason.
No canting knaves our loyal hearts,
Shall from our Queen dissever;
And though they once thought to get up,
We'll keep them down forever.
Then brothers, etc.

3. At Orange William's godlike name
Let Rome and Popery tremble;
For summoned by the magic sound
Do Protestants assemble;
And by that glorious Orange swear,
In steadfast resolution
With heart and hand still to defend
Our happy constitution.
Then brothers, etc.

"RISE SONS OF WILLIAM."

C. BOHNER.

1. Rise sons of William rise 'tis Nassau hails you from the skies, Why close your slumb'ring eyes while Treason stalks a-round. Hark I hear, accents clear bursting on my ra vished ear, to arms a-way me thinks they say, while drums and trumpets sound. Rise sons of William rise 'tis Nassau hails you from the skies, Why close your slumb'ring eyes while Treason stalks a-round.

Chorus.

2. See, from his crimson bed,
Encircled with the mighty dead.
Boyne heaves his azure head
And gazing turns around:
Ah, me he cries,
What glories rise
And crowd upon mine aching eyes?
Lo, weapons gleam
See, banners stream
While drums and trumpets sound.
Rise sons of William etc.

3. Strike Erin, strike thy lyre,
Catch, oh catch the generous fire;
'Tis a William's deeds inspire,
Oh, sweep the trembling strings;
Hark about
No rabble rout,
The Orange boys are rushing out;
Fermanagh cheers
Old Derry gears
And echoes back to Boyne.
Rise sons of William etc.

4. Hail, Nassau's mighty shade,
From Heaven oh, deign to lend thine aid;
Oh, be it never said
Thy sons degenerate were;
Happy we
Great and free,
If we do but follow thee;
If thy flame
Our souls inflame
To equal thee in war.
Rise sons of William etc.

5. Come, fill the bumpers round,
Ye roofs, the joyous notes rebound;
Winds, bear to Heaven the sound;
God save Great George our King.
Him befriend,
Him defend,
From open foe from treacherous friend
And ever may
Glad Erin's lay
A Brunswick's praises sing.
Come fill the bumpers round etc.

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WHEN PHARAOH REIGNED.

mf

1. When Pha - raoh reigned on E - gypt's throne, And Is - rael in their chains did groan and Is - rael in their chains did groan, The great I AM, to Mo-ses gave Command, To lead them to the promised land,

f

And all the proud E - gyp - tian host, Pur - su-ing in the sea were lost.

2. So when oppressed by papal power
With death and plunder every hour
The brave King William, prince of Orangemen
Restored us to our rights again.
Hail mighty William, Conqueror of the Boyne
Our voices in thy praise we join.

3. Our Constitution we'll maintain
'Gainst every foe on land and main
With loyal hearts both firm and true
We'll never stain the Orange and Blue.
We love our King, our country and its laws
Forever live the Orange boys.

"ORANGEMEN'S SENTIMENTS."

1. Come breth-ren fill your glass-es high In con-cord let us join And drink the glo-rious me-mo-ry Of him who crossed the Boyne. Wil-liam thy name is ev-er dear In Cho-rus let us sing Thy prais-es we will still revere Our fath-er and our King. Then brethren fill your glass-es high In concord let us join And drink the glo-rious me-mo-ry Of him who crossed the Boyne.

Chorus.

2. Foe one great cause we will unite
For that just cause we'll die
Bound to defend our country's rights
Our King and Liberty
Our Constitution and our Laws
Our blest religion too
And, all unite in this great cause
Our standard is true blue.
Then brethren fill, etc.

3. If Irish, French or haughty Dons
Against our King dare rise
We'll show them that great William's sons
Their hellish powers despise.
For William's spirit we retain
By heaven's divine command
And bound by one great sacred chain
We'll triumph o'er the land.
Then brethren fill, etc.

1. Ye men of Der - ry stout and bold, Whose hearts are cast in hon - or's mould, Oh think to day of days of old, And England's Consti - tu - tion.

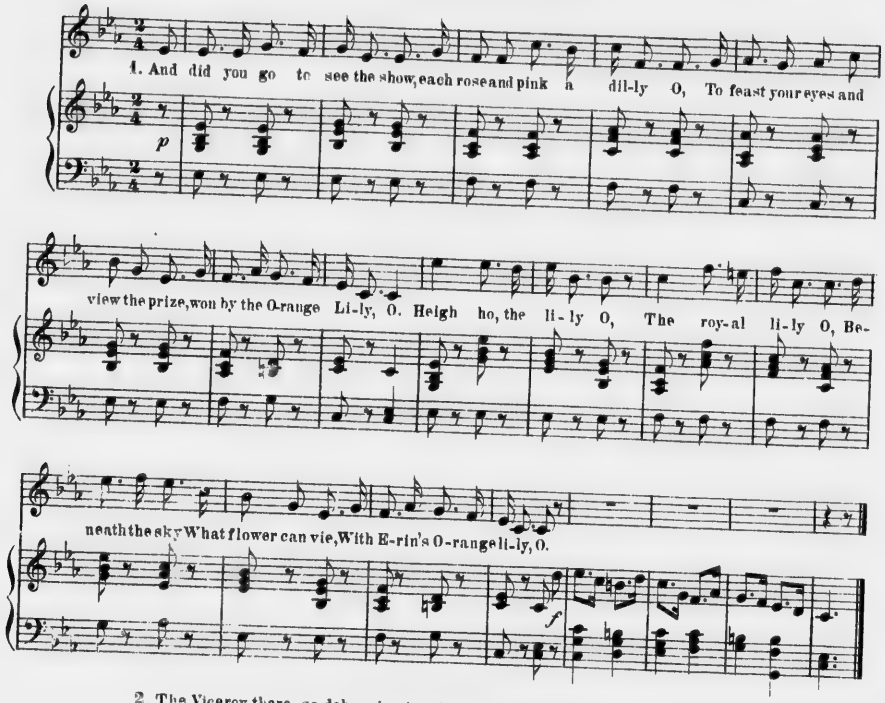
On this proud day in Wil-liam's year, The 'pren - tice boy's as - sem-bled here And hand in hand gave one grand cheer, For the glo - rious Re - so - lu - tion, And hand in hand gave one grand cheer, For the glo - rious Re - so - lu - tion.

2. Europe heard the joyful sound
Vainly Rome's proud vassals frowned
William and Mary soon were crowned
And stopped the persecution.
Antrim's troops compelled to wait
Trembling stood before our gate
Till they fled to shun their fate
In rapid evolution.

3. When again with opening spring
Back they came and brought their king
We made our bells for William ring
With Spartan resolution.
Though they fought us three to one
Still they shrunk as we passed on
Soon their coward king was gone
Afraid of execution.

4. As like days again come round
Here we stand on classic ground
Ever true to England found
And Englands Constitution
Proud our crimson flag shall fly
Waving in the azure sky
Here we conquer or we die
In the cause of the revolution.

THE ORANGE LILY O.



2. The Viceroy there, so debonaire, just like a daffadilly O,
With Wade Clark blithe as a lark, approached the Orange Lily O,
Heigh ho, etc.

3. Then starting back he cried good lack, some say he looked quite silly O,
Oh deed of woe must I bestow the prize upon the lily O,
Heigh ho, etc.

4. Sir Charley too looked very blue, while laughed Horde Master Billy O,
To think his EX– a flower should vex, and that an Orange Lily O,
Heigh ho, etc.

5. A fairer flower throughout the bower he sought but willy nilly O
With moisened eyes he gave the prize to Erin's Orange Lily O.
Heigh ho, etc.

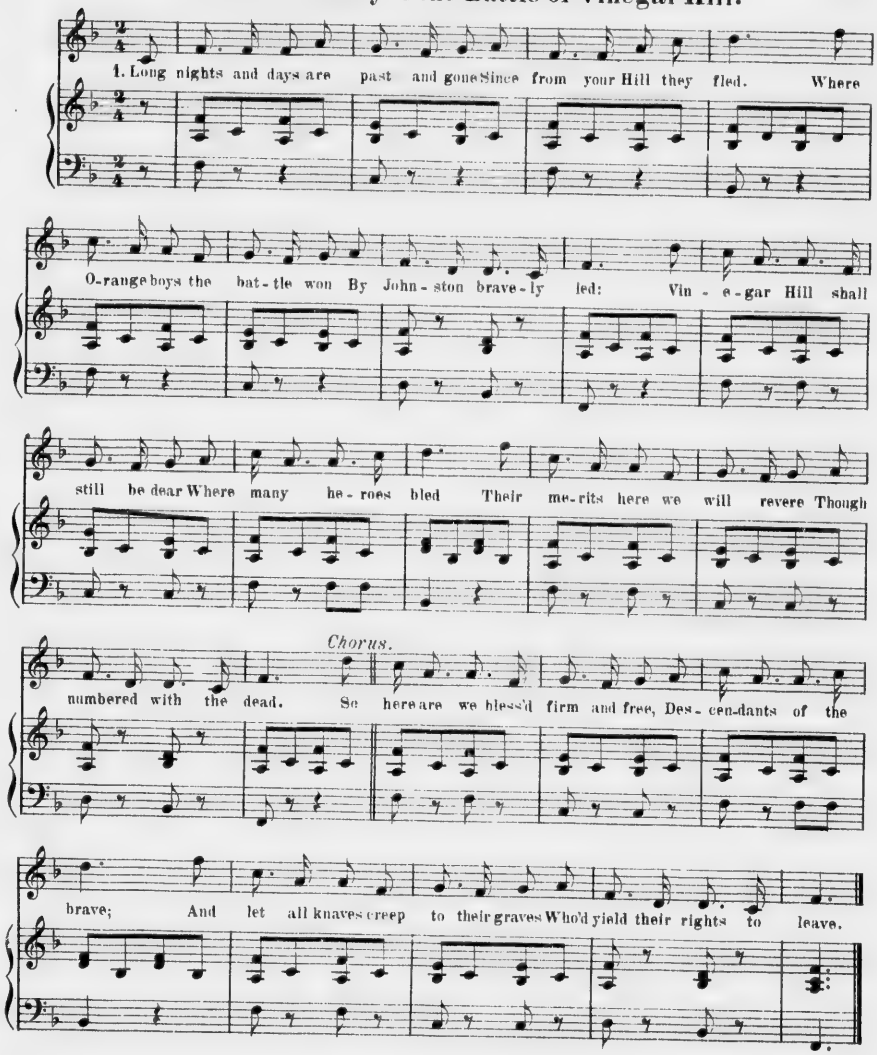
6. The lowland field may roses yield gay heaths the highland hilly O
But high or low no flower can show like Erin's Orange Lily O.
Heigh ho, etc.

7. Let Dandies fine in Bond-street shine, gay nymphs in Piccadilly O
But fine or gay must yield the day, to Erin's Orange Lily O.
Heigh ho, etc.

8. The elated Muse to hear the news jumped like a Connaught filly
As gossip fame did loud proclaim the triumph of the lily O.
Heigh ho, etc.

9. Then come brave boys and share our joys and toast the health of Willy O
Who bravely won on Boyne's red shore the Royal Orange Lily O.
Heigh ho the lily, O
The royal lily, O
Fair Freedom's flower
May each kind power
Protect the Orange Lily, O.

The Anniversary of the Battle of Vinegar Hill.



2. Why should you yield to traitors vile
To purchase loyalty
Traitors that stray about our isle
Seeking for liberty.
Who in pursuit of this, they cry
Would burn our churches down
And every wholesome lay decry
Which might past evils drown.
Chorus.— Let Colclough wage and Trimmers rage
We have no fears in store
For still we'll fight for what is right
And yield them nothing more.

3. And Protestants forget the days
When on yon bloody hill
Our fathers' sighs to heaven did rise
Out of the dark Windmill.
When lovely matrons pale as death
Their lusts did satiate
And infants mild whose tongue-tied breath
Throbbed with the old and great.
Chorus.—Yet still the crew their pikes ran through
The virtuous and the good
Nor sex nor age could them assuage
But sinless infant's blood.

"We ne'er will relinquish the Orange and Blue."

C. BOHNER.

Vivace.

1. To Nassau's lov'd shade in E - ly - sium of late Some sons of I - re - ne were heard to com - plain Now vir - tue is driv - en from her fa - vo-rite seat And loy - al - ty groans on the blood sprinkled plain While Ja-cobins cry,— "All pow'r we de - fy,"— For laws we will tram-ple and Kings we de - ny Nor will we this con - duct e'er cease to pur-sue— Un - til we ex-tir-pate the O-range and Blue.

poco rall.

2. Great William aroused from his blissful repose
To his air-formed truncheon indignantly flies
A look of defiance around him he throws,
And thus in loud accents the hero replies.—
"To arms then away your prowess display
What the fathers have bled for the sons can't betray
Remember their honor's intrusted to you
Nor dare to relinquish the Orange and Blue."

3. When Ireland once bled under Jacobite laws
And freedom in tears sued to me for protection
A band of true Britons enrolled in her cause
Passed to your shores brought her foes to subjection
At the Boyne they fled, at Aughrim they bled
Then Freedom in ecstasy lifted her head
And smiled to behold how the Jacobite crew
Due homage had paid to the Orange and Blue.

4. And now shall those traitors in martial array
Audacious unfurl their banners of green?
Shall virtue, shall loyalty sink in dismay
And Freedom's own Orange no longer be seen?
To arms then for shame and rescue your fame
I call you my champions henceforth bear my name
And tell those vile miscreants their deeds they shall rue
When humbled once more by the Orange and Blue.

5. The orders thus given what soul could withstand?
All true-hearted fellows with ardour obey
The fiat was Nassau's and joined hand in hand
The host of staunch Orangemen stand in array.
Hark, already they cry in accent of joy
The green we will vanquish or gloriously die
And prove to all traitors we're loyal and true
To our King and our colors, the Orange and Blue.

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THE BRIGHT ORANGE RIBBON.

C. BOHNER.

1. Oh love is the soul of a true Orangeman He loves all that's loyal loves all that he can, With his bright Orange Ribbons with purple and blue, His heart is right honest, he's firm and sound; No malice nor en - vy is there to be found, For his King and his country he's rea - dy to fight, In sub- du-ing all rebels he takes great delight, With his bright Orange Rib-bons with purple and blue.

2. If you had the honor to sit in our lodge
It is there you would see the true orangeman's badge
Of bright orange ribbons with purple and blue
A neat silken collar adorns his white neck
Which the Orange the Purple and the Blue do deck.
For our Queen, Constitution, our Country and Laws,
The established Religion and that is the cause
Of these bright orange ribbons with purple and blue.

3. In the evening as homeward returning he goes,
His heart full of love for his country and those
Who wear bright orange ribbons with purple and blue
He greets an old friend whom he meets on the way
He proves him a brother and to him does say
Did you hear the message that came from above
Which bids us unite still in brotherly love
With our bright orange ribbons with purple and blue.

4. So here's to the land that gave William his birth
With the land that we live in and it's neighboring earth
That makes orangemen purplemen and purplemen true
May they of great William always be able
To trash every foe that would strive to disable
May the sons of old George be loyal and stout
And all bad rebels we'll put to the rout
With our bright orange ribbons with purple and blue.

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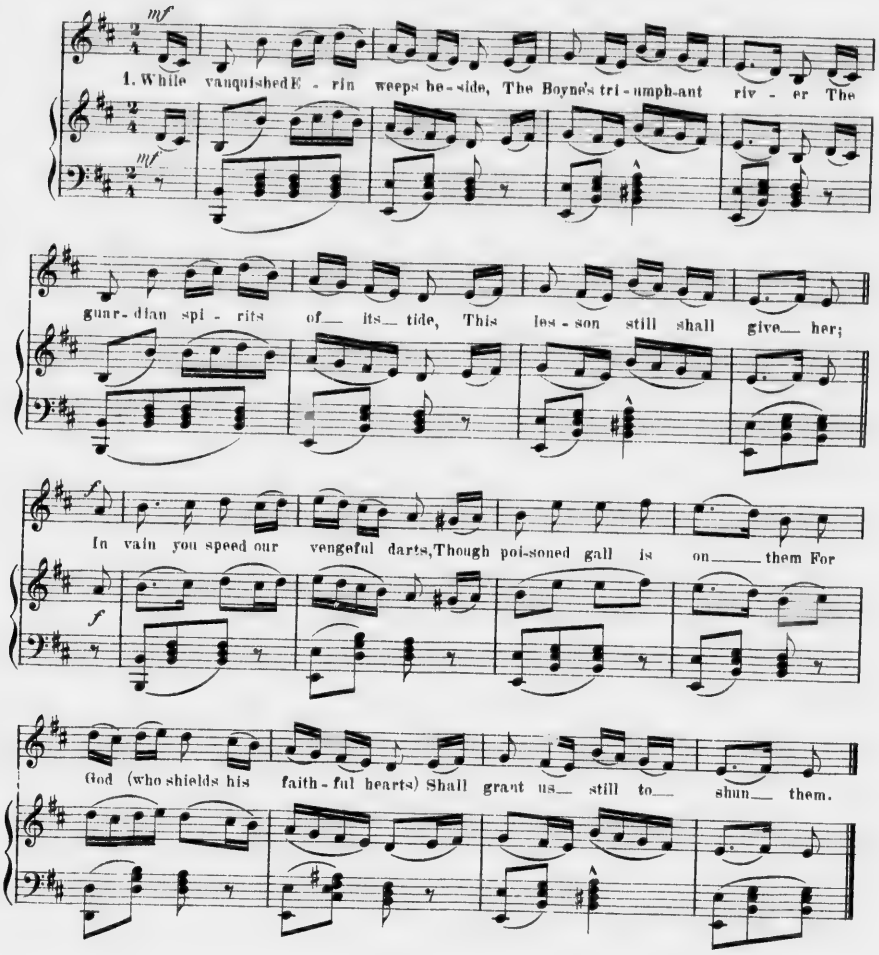
"THE NEW BOYNE WATER."



2. O, long shall Erin weep in vain,
As time so oft has taught her,
Though ceaseless she returns again,
And hovers on this water,
And sends with rancoured poisoned breath,
Her shafts of defamation;
Still fraught with vengeance, hate and death,
As emblems of her station.

3. Each year as vanished, she shall mourn
By that immortal river,
It's faithful guardian shall return
This bitter draught to give her
Propitious shine ye powers of good
And crown this day for ever;
And may the Boyne's triumphant flood,
Resign it's glory never.

4. Then proudly flow till time is o'er,
And sacred be thy water;
For freedom gilds thy favored shore,
And dearly have we bought her;
And while her bright and glorious ray
Shall beam on us forever
The hearts that she had linked this day,
No fate nor time shall sever.

FILL THE SPARKLING GOBLET.

p

1. Fill the spark-ling gob - let high,— Geor-ge's cause in - spires— us;—

p *cresc.*

Wheel the circ - ling bowl— a - round— Wil - liams me - mo - ry fires— us.

p

Chorus.

Live and love the Pro - verb says,— life is but— a fea - ther;

f

Sworn to love while life— re-mains We're O-rangemen all— to - geth - er.

2. The mystic tie that binds our hearts,
No ages can dissever;
The ray divine that lights our souls
Shall beam on us for ever.
Live and love etc.

3. George and William's royal names,
With glory still we crown them;
And care and strife like Pharoah's host,
In a true dead sea we drown them.
Live and love etc.

THE PURPLE MARKSMAN.

Con spirito. C. BOHNER.

1. Come all my worth-y breth-ren in con-cert all a-round, That's

mf

join-ed in our so-cial bands our enemies to con-found. And I'll tell you of a

se-cret as yet you do not know. So if you wish to know the light, an-

riten. *colla voce* *f*

oth-er step you'll go. An-oth-er step you'll go, you'll go, An-oth-er step you'll

mf

go. So if you wish to know the light, an-oth-er step you'll go.

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2.

I hearing of a secret and wishing for to see
Enquired of my brother if admitted I could be
And he said my dearest brother that you soon shall know
If you answer me one question before that you do go
Before that you do go, do go
Before that you do go
If you answer me one question, etc.

3.

Were you in darkness, or crossed Jordan's stream
Or can you relate to me what the Ark it contains?
I answered him right meekly for that I could do so
Then he gave to me a pass-word to try if I could know
To try if I could know, could know
To try if I could know
Then he gave to me, etc.

4.

The pass-word being re-hearsed and it's cause he did de- [fine
Then said he would announce me to his brothers in a sign;
The pass-word was re-hearsed and all was just and right
Straightway he then prepared me to see the brilliant light
To see the brilliant light, that light
To see the brilliant light
Straightway he then prepared me, etc.

5.

He took me by the hand and led me to the door
Where none could admitted be but those that are pure
Three gentle knocks he gave and I bended on my knee
And the answer was that no profanes admitted there should [be
Admitted there should be, should be
Admitted there should be
And the answer was that no, etc.

6.

He's no profane I'll answer for it my conductor then replied
But a true and worthy Israelite, I have him safely tried
He has crossed Jordan's stream and likewise Moab's plains
And is willing yet to travel all our secrets to gain
All our secrets to gain, to gain
All our secrets to gain
And is willing yet to travel, etc.

7.

A door then being opened I was admitted in
On ragged roads Mysterious my travels I did begin
With my pack upon my back my staff was in my hand
I travelled through the wilderness all over the desert lands
All over the desert lands, the lands
All over the desert lands
And I travelled through, etc.

8.

When I came to Mount Horeb I could not hear but blush
With terror great I gazed upon the brilliant burning bush
Moses was the cry and he answered here am I
Saying cast the shoes from off your feet before that you [draw nigh
Before that you draw nigh, draw nigh
Before that you draw nigh
Saying cast the shoes off, etc.

9.

Now when they asked of me what was that I held in my hand
I said it was a rod that the Lord he did command
Which when cast upon the ground a serpent it became
I was almost affrighted to take it up again.
For to take it up again, again
For to take it up again
I was almost affrighted, etc.

10.

And as they asked of me from whence I had come
I answered and said from Midian's plain
From the plain of Midian, what were you doing there?
I was feeding Jetho's flocks which was all my care
Which was all my care, my care
Which was all my care
I was feeding Jetho's flocks, etc.

11.

And where are you going? he soft to me did say
Into the land of Egypt, I am now on my way
Pray what's your mission or what will you do there
To free all my brethren that now in bondage are
That now in bondage are, yes are
That now in bondage are
To free all my brethren, etc.

12.

They brought me to a Mount which I had to ascend
In search of our secrets being led there by a friend
When I attained my object unto the top did climb
There I got the secret words that are so divine
That are so divine, divine
That are so divine
There I got the secret words, etc.

13.

They were all standing round me when I bended on my knee
And what I stood in need of was demanded straight of me
I said it was the light that I wished foremost to see
And they said my dearest brother we will give it unto thee.
We will give it unto thee, to thee
We will give it unto thee
And they said my dearest brother, etc.

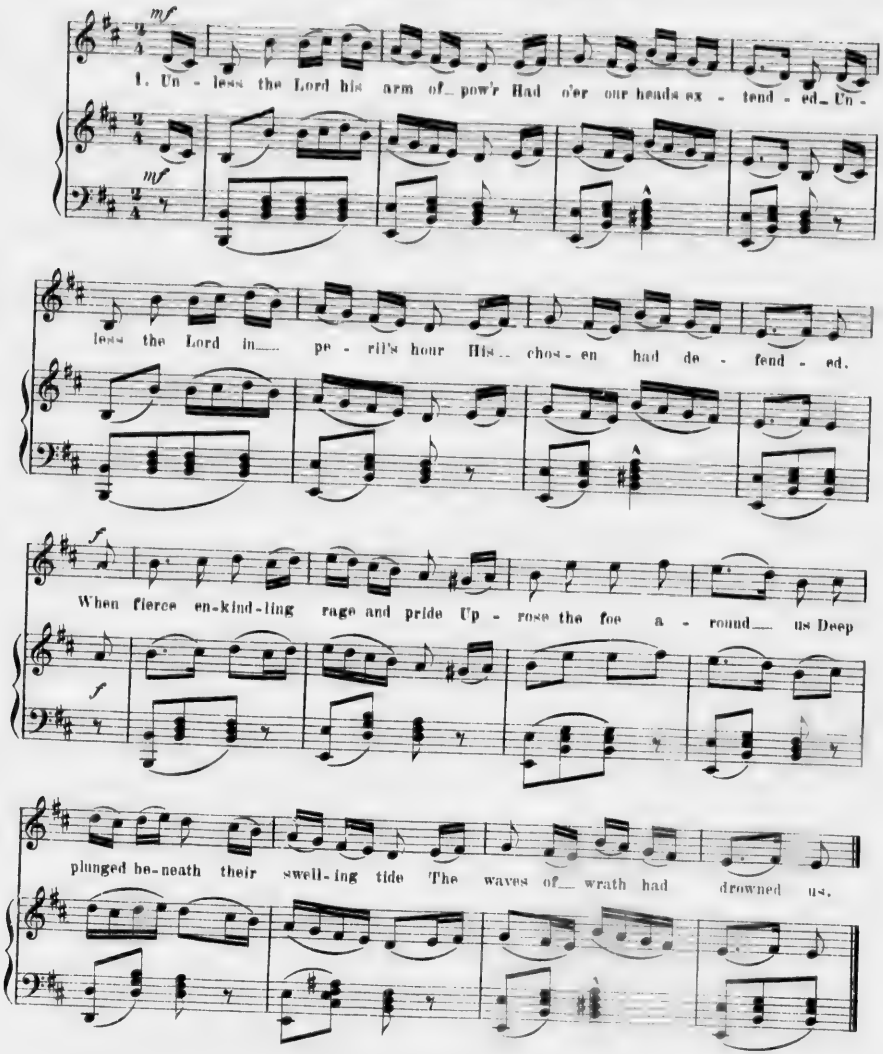
14.

Great lights around me there appeared no darkness there [had been
And I gazed with amazement on all that I had seen
So they filled me up a bumper from out the mystic pot
And they toasted to their brother and the secrets he had got.
And the secrets he had got, had got
And the secrets he had got
And they toasted to their brother, etc.

15.

Now we have travelled over this mysterious foreign land
And may our new-born brother firm in the faith long stand;
And may the purple order by marksmen be revered
And when we prove the orange true, with them it shall be [shared
With them it shall be shared, be shared
With them it shall be shared
And when we prove the orange, etc.

THE TWELFTH PSALM.+)



2. Wake, Israel wake this grateful strain
His praise he sung and spoken
For thee in vain the snare is laid
The fowler's net is broken
Hosanna bless the Living Lord
Each heart to fear a stranger
The triumphs of his name record
Our stay in every danger.

3. That power at whose creative will
Sprung forth to form and motion
This universal frame of all
That people earth, sky, ocean.
That Being whose resistless will
Holds nature in subjection
In mercy flings around us still
The shields of his protection.

+) Sung with thrilling effect by country congregations on the great anniversary of July 12th.

1. When James, as - sum - ing
2. The Bi - ble was no

mf

right from God, Enslaved this free-born na - tion, His scep - tre was an i - ron rod, His
lon - ger read, But tales of sin - ners scint - ed; The gods a - dor'd were gods of bread, And

reign a vi - si - ta - tion; High churchmen cried, "O - bey, o - bey," "Let none re - sist a
signposts carv'd and paint - ed; Their priests and monks were cawls and ropes, Ar - rived here with - out

crowned head; He who gainsays what ty - rants say, Is a re - bel - lious round - head!" Then
num - ber; With racks and dag - gers bless'd by popes, And loads of ho - ly lum - ber.

let us sing while e - choes ring The glo - rious re - vo - lu - tion; Your voi - ces raise to

Wil - liam's praise, Who saved the con - sti - tu - tion.

f

"RISE YE SONS OF WILLIAM."

Andante moderato.

mf *f* *dim.*

1. Rise ye sons of William's line Who with glo - ry crossed the Boyne Rise, behold your

p *mf*

off - spring shine With rays of loy - al - ty. Wil-liam raise thy loy - al head

Most il-lus-trious of the dead Round us all your in - fluence shed And bid us still be free.

2. Your's it was in days long past
When rebels blew their deadly blast
From the church and state to cast
The slaves of Popery.
And shall your sons degenerate grown
Desert the altar and the throne
Oh, no they'll die before they'll groan
Beneath a papist's sway.

3. Sacred be the blood that's shed
Peaceful sleep the loyal dead
With a Brunswick at their head
Your sons shall still be free.
Still with firm and steady hand
Quench rebellion's flaming brand
And heart to heart and hand to hand
Support the orange tree.

4. Raise the orange standard high
Every voice triumphant cry
For George we live for George we'll die
To crush his enemies.
Send the flowing bumper round
Britons catch the glorious sound
From pole to pole the theme resound
George and Liberty.

LAMENT OF A PROTESTANT EMIGRANT.

Andante moderato.

1. Land of my birth, my once blest home Land of my fath - er's graves_ Land of my youth and earliest loves Too soon the mountain waves. Will roll and dash 'twixt thee and me For I must leave thy shore And O my soul pro - phe - tic says I shall re-turn no more.

2. How oft upon a summer's eve
My daily labor done
I've watched thy hills and smiling plains
Lit by the parting sun.
And thought if I might live and die
Upon my native shore
In the same faith my father's died
That I would ask no more.

3. But now I fear my heart will break
Or ever I may roam
Through the wild forests of the west
To seek another home.
My darling children for your sake
I leave my native shore
Although my sinking spirit says
I shall return no more.

4. Ungodly and relentless men
Disturb my much loved land
The scoff, the sneer, the bitter taunt
The sword_ the flaming brand.
These all await the martyr's sons
On this my native shore
My children I must bear you hence
Though I return no more.

5. But oh, there is a mightier power
A stronger hand there is
One who shall yet avenge His own
And hearken to their prayers.
Then let us seek that when this life's
Sad pilgrimage is o'er
His heavenly kingdom we shall gain
Nor ever wander more.

RULE BRITTANIA.

mf

1. When Bri-tain first at Heav'ns command A - rose from out the

mf

a - zure main A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main

This was the charter, the char - ter of the land And Guar-dian An - gels sung the strain

f

Rule Brit-tania Brit-ta-nia rule the waves Britons nev - er shall be slaves.

2. The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall
While thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, etc.

3. Still more majestic shalt thou rise
More dreadful from each foreign stroke
As the loud blast, that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, etc.

4. Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame
All their attempts to bend thee down
Shall but to rouse thy generous flame
But work their woe and thy renown
Rule, etc.

5. To thee belong the rural reign
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
All thine shall be the subject main
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, etc.

6. The Muses still with freedom found
Shall to thy happy coasts repair
Blest isle with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, etc.

YE LOYALISTS.

1. Ye loy - al - ists of I - re - land come ral - ly round the throne, Thro' weal or woe pre-pare to go Make Eng-land's cause our own; Re-member your al - le - gi-ance, Be this your bat-tle cry, For Protest-ant as-cen - dan - cy In church and state we'll die. The glo-rious pi-ous me-mo - ry of Wil-liam drink for aye, Who freed us all from po - pe - ry, huz - za, my boys huz - za.

2. Ye loyalists of Ireland,
Remember days by gone
It seems to me ye soon might see
Another "Forty-one"
In ninety-eight of later date,
Our helpless sires were slain:
Had Papists power this very hour
They do the same again.
The glorious pious memory, etc.

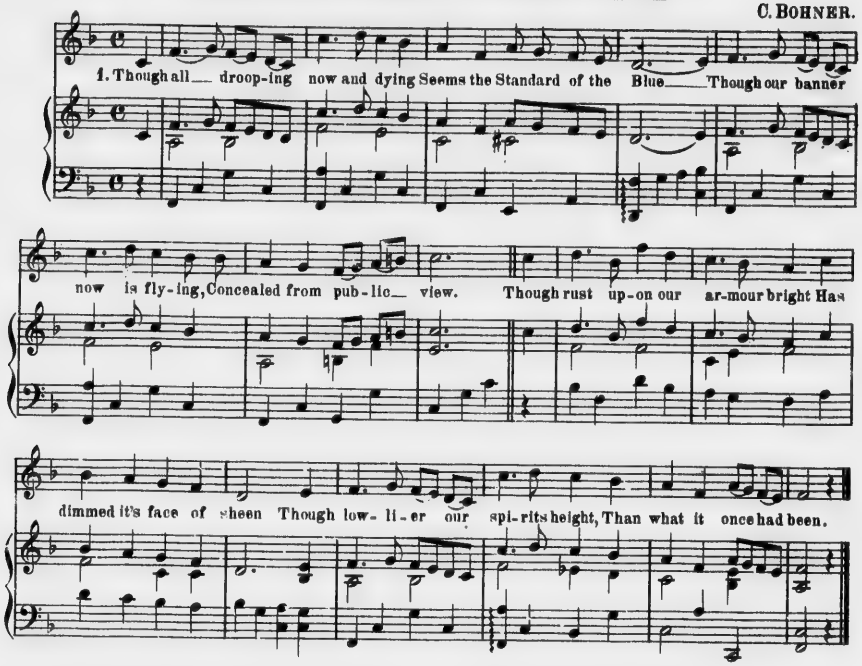
3. Ye loyalists of Ireland,
Provide yourselves with arms,
Then you can stand in a firm band,
Fearless of wars alarms;
Raise the old, "No Surrender" shout
And hoist your colors high:
Your sovereign calls, collect your balls
And keep your powder dry.
The glorious pious memory, etc.

4. Ye loyalists of Ireland
The rebel's hopes are vain—
On sea and shore ye won before,
And can do so again;
We challenge Smith O'Brien's clan
Mitchell and all his crew—
Here in the North we can bring forth
Hearts gallant firm and true.
The glorious pious memory, etc.

5. Ye loyalists of Ireland
The Lord is on your side
While he is near ye need not fear
No evil will betide;
Remember Aughrim and the Boyne
Immortal Derry too,
And how the Enniskillen men
Their foes did still subdue.
The glorious pious memory, etc.

THE STANDARD OF THE BLUE.

C. BOHNER.



2. Though a loftier brow and proudier tread
May have marked bold freedom's son
As one whose Noble Fathers dead
Great glorious deeds had done.
Whose spirits though from earth they went
To realms of peace on high
Yet their courage, hope and virtue lent
To sons who'd do or die.

3. Ere their honor, fame and high renown
Religion, love and cause
Be suffered to be trampled down
By Popery or her laws.
Then let us raise our Stand. rd high
With splendor and success
Let loud huzzas that rend the sky
Our joyousness express.

4. Long, deep and loud our cannons roar
Sweet music to our ear
To Heaven our banners proudly soar
Which popish dogs so fear.
When shrilling of our fife they hear
And rolling of our drum
They flee but yelling in great fear
"The Orangemen have come!"

5. Then from our tubes of death they feel
The thunder-shower of lead
Which makes their ragged masses reel
Lays thousands of them dead.
Aroused the lion lifts his head
And shakes his mane of might
His every movement causing dread
Pale horror and affright.

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6. See, fiercely from his nostrils wide
Roll breathings of his hate
His eyes with scorn and innate pride
And majesty dilate.
His tail he lashes wildly round
On Afric's desert sand
His roarings hoarse
Who is it can withstand?

7. So rise the sons of mighty men
So shake them in their pride
Their dread array, their terror then
Can popish clans abide.
No, tossed to the earth with giant hand
Hurled to the shades below
Like melted mists the coward band
Wastes before us as we go.

8. Trampled beneath our conquering tread
When shall they rise again?
When to eternity time has fled
No more, no more till then.
Then shout ye Orange-hearted men
We have a glorious cause
We all are sworn true brethren
Against all popish laws.

9. Peal loud your thunders from the fields
Now let us show our might
We come to conquer not to yield
To victory not to fight.
Then raise the Standard of the Blue
Unfurl it's bannered pride
Let thanksgivings our hearts renew
For God is on our side.

"THE SURRENDER."

C. BOHNER.

1. Be - hold the crim - son ban-ners float, O'er yon - der tur - rets ho - a - ry— They tell of days of daunt - less note, And Der - ry's daunt - less glo - ry;— When her— brave sons un - daunt - ed stood Em - bat - tled to de - fend— her— In - dig - nant stemmed op - pres - sion's flood, And sung out "No— Sur - ren - der."

2. Old Derry's walls were firm and strong
Well fenced in every quarter
Each frowning bastion grim along
With culverin and mortar:
But Derry had a surer guard
Than all that art could lend her
Her 'prentice hearts the gates who barred
And sung out "No Surrender."

3. On came the foe in bigot ire
And fierce the assault was given:
By shot and shell 'mid streams of fire
Her fa'ed roof was riven.
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath
And vain his hopes to bend her
For still 'mid famine, fire, and death,
She sung out "No Surrender."

4. Again when treason maddened round
And rebel hordes were swarming
Were Derry's sons the foremost found
For King and Country arming:
Forth they rushed at honor's call
From age to boyhood tender
Again to man their virgin wall
And sing out "No Surrender."

5. Long may the crimson banner wave
A meteor streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave
Who guard the gates of Derry.
And Derry's sons alike defy
Pope, Traitor, or Pretender,
And peal to heaven their 'prentice cry,
Their patriot, "No Surrender."

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"THE MEN OF TRUTH."

1. Stand firm to-geth-er men of truth, Throughout the land in strength com-bi-ning, And with the "men of night" stand forth, Our hearts and hands in love en - twi - ning, Should Bri - tain hold the truth su-preme, And we be called on to de - fend her, Our blood shall flow with ev'- ry stream, Ere we our love-ly Isle sur - ren - der.

2. The vessels of a foreign slave
Have all our blood-bought rights invaded,
Our nation sunk in thraldom's grave,
And all it's pristine glory faded,
Burns in our breasts our fathers' pride?
Their voice was like a roar of thunder;
They toiled, and wept, and bled, and died
And tore the enslaving chains asunder.

3. O, with the chains our fathers burst
Those tyrants now would fondly bind us;
But ne'er beneath the yoke that cursed
And blights our native land they'll find us,
The despot's laws let slaves obey;
Of freemen's sons who could demand it?
Or bow before the tyrants sway—
Oh, where's the wretch that dare demand it?

4. By Derry's walls—On Aughrim's plains,
'Twas there the noble ranks assembled;
No coward heart their memory stains;
No spirit faltered, fell, or trembled,
When called to tread the battle field
Their sons with hearts and courage bolder—
Oh, 'tis their fathers' power to wield,
Or with their fathers' bones to moulder.

5. The blood of martyrs fires their veins,
In freedom's cause their swords unsheathed,
To wipe away the blot that stains
The land our fathers' blood bequeathed;
To win the rights, oh, luckless hour,
Of which perfidious Rome bereaved us;
To break the haughty tyrants power,
And crush the traitors who deceived us.

6. Stand firm together, men of truth,
Though weak and few may be the number;
Gird on your loins the strength of youth
Not idly at your posts to slumber,
Should Britain hold the truth supreme,
And we be called on to defend her,
Our blood shall flow with every stream
Ere we our lovely isle surrender.

THE REVOLUTION.

C. BOHNER.

1. March on brave boys make good your ground, Let all your spright-ly trum-pets sound, To arms, to arms we will con-found Those foes to Re-vo-lu-tion.
2. Our rattling guns like peals of thun-der, Shall fill the foe with fear and won-der, And keep the pope and de-vil un-der And sup-port the Con-sti-tu-tion.

Great Mars the mo-narch of the field, In shin-ing pomp with sword and shield Shall lead us on and make them yield, To the glo-rious Re-vo-lu-tion.
May Bri-tain's sons the bat-tle try, To make these tim'-rous bug bears fly Then let each loy-al sub-ject cry, "Suc-cess" to the Con-sti-tu-tion.

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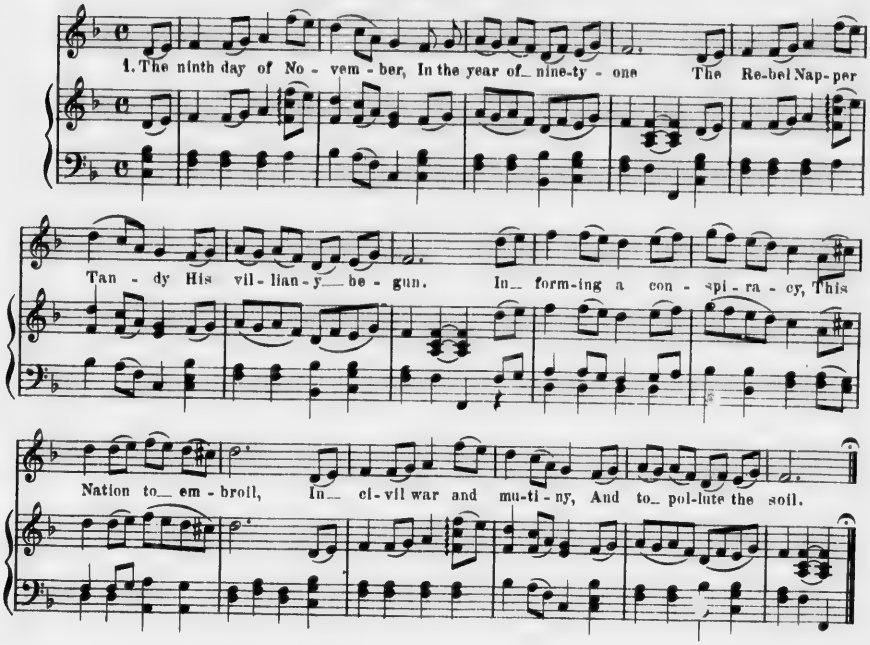
NAPPER TANDY.



2. His wicked crew they did intend
Our governors to kill
And any of the Protestants
Who dare oppose their will
To massacre our ministers
And pull our churches down
To extirpate the Orangemen
And take from George his crown.

3. They burned houses and straw stacks
They assembled in the night
Broke open doors and windows
In order to affright
The people to comply with them
Crying, "Give out your gun
And unite with us immediately
Or else you are undone!"

4. The croppies most outrageously
Did take an active part
Against the church of England
And thought to make her smart
But providence protected us
From this blood-thirsty clan
And prevented them to act a scene
Like that of forty-one.

5. We value not the yeomanry
These rebels oft did say
'Tis easy to disarm them
Then soon we'll gain the day
And every man who is not up
Shall hang at his own door
And we'll guillotine each Royalist
L . him be rich or poor.

6. If on the way you chance to meet
One of this wicked clan
He asks you are you up to snuff
Or what's that in your hand?
And if you know not what to say
He answers with a frown—
Since it is a thing you are not up
I'll therefore knock you down.

7. They carried on their fury
Till the year of Ninety-seven
When to his vile conspiracy
A happy check was given
For government found out their schemes
And turned their plan astray
And made them swear allegiance—
May we bless that happy day.

8. Then to disperse their brotherhood
Lord Blaney he came down
To recompense the insolence
Of each insulting clown
Their midnight vengeance did reward
And filled them with dismay
And for their perseverance
Soon he made the caitiffs pay.

9. But to conclude kind providence
Dispelled the wicked throng
So let us sing, God save the King
And may his reign be long
Success to each true protestant
Who did maintain his cause
Against those vile conspirators
In honor of his laws.

"THE RELIEF OF DERRY."

Moderato. C. BOHNER.

mf *p*

1. The gloomy day of trial's o'er, No long - er can - nons rat - tle O; The ty-rant's flag is seen no more, And James has lost the bat - tle O. And here are we re-nowned and free, By maiden walls sur-round-ed O; While all the knaves who'd make us slaves Are baffled and confounded O.

2. The Dartmouth spreads her snow white sail,
Her purple pendane flying, O;
While we the gallant Browning hail,
Who saved us all from dying O.
Like Noah's dove sent from above,
While foes would starve and grieve us O,
Through floods and flame an angel came,
To comfort and releive us, O.

3. Oh, when the vessel struck the boom,
And pitched and reeled and stranded O,
With shouts the foe denounced our doom,
And open gates demanded O:
And shrill and high arose the cry,
Of anguish grief and pity O;
While black with care and deep despair,
We mourned our falling city, O.

4. But Heaven, her guide, with one broad side,
The laden bark re-bounded O;
A favoring gale soon filled the sail,
While hills and vales resounded, O,
The joy-bells ring, "Long live our King,"
Adieu to grief and sadness, O;
To Heaven we raise the song of praise,
In heartfelt joy and gladness, O.

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THE SOUL THAT ONCE IN POPISH CAUSE.

Andante moderato.

1. The soul that once in po - pish cause Our blood in tor - rents shed. A - gain the sword to smite us draws But will we shrink with dread? No, nev - er for our faith and king O'er po - pe - ry's dark grave The song of tri - umph we will sing The flag of tri - umph wave.

2. Can Protestants look tamely on
And see their faith reviled?—
Is honor from their standard gone
And are they too defiled?—
No, faithful to the sacred trust
Of which we are the guard
No Jesuit craft nor priestly lust
Religion shall retard.

3. Though Dens vile doctrine be upheld
Rebellion still to nurse
The cause of truth shall not be quelled
Albeit the priests may curse.
Pure is our creed— our faith sincere—
And bigot ire is vain—
With heaven to aid, not priests we fear
Nor fiend of Darrynane.

4. The light of scripture spreads abroad
Reaction's voice is loud—
By craven Rome we're not o'er awed
Nor dread it's murderous crowd.
Then let our Orange banner wave
Our souls be firm and true
Who finds in God's own cause a grave
Shall find salvation too.

TO THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

C. BOHNER.

1. Ye O-rangemen of I-re-land Ye loy-al true and brave A-rouse, arouse ere yet it be, Too late our land to save. A-rouse, a-rouse and put your trust, In Him who sits on high, And charge the musket, draw the sword, And keep your pow-der dry.

2. And hoist your orange banner high
And sound the trump and drum
Then soon the loyal of the land
Will to that standard come
Arouse, arouse your country calls—
Arm, arm, the foe is nigh
Let "No Surrender" be the word
And keep your powder dry.

3. The bloody hand of treason vile
Is raised against the crown
And Irish rebels seek from France
For aid to pull it down.
But let them raise within our isle
Even but one battle cry
And protestants they'll find that you
Have kept your powder dry.

4. The foes of social order—
The popish Priests of Rome
With blessed pikes and papal balls
Are led by John of Tuam
That wolfish monster upon whom
Our bondsmen's hopes rely
But let them shun our orange boys
They'll find their powder dry.

5. And the Priest-ridden peasantry
Their rifle clubs may form
And think to tear the union flag
And Dublin Castle storm.
But 'mongst the hills of Ulster
Is heard a gathering cry—
'Tis "Protestants assemble all
And have your powder dry!"

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6. And though in days not long since past
High men on us did frown
And Whig and Tory both combined
To pull our colors down
And loud and long the tempest blew
The thunder rolled on high
Yet still we thought of better days
And kept our powder dry.

7. And now when treason stalks around
Traitors the throne assail—
Forget the past, and loyal hearts
We'll o'er our foes prevail
Our orange flag in Heaven's breeze
Will glorious float on high
And on the field of victory
We'll have our powder dry.

8. So orangemen arouse, arouse
'Tis loyalty that calls—
Fear not the foe, our orange flag
A traitor's heart appals
And swear before high heaven's Lord
Who reigns enthroned on high
You'll charge these pick men on the field
And have your powder dry.

THE ORANGE TRIUMPH.

C. BOHNER.

1. Be - hold my brother's fate de - cree, The o - range shall tri - um-phant be Kind

Pro - vi - dence doth in - ter - pose And aids to crush our re - bel foes.

Chorus.

Then let each loy - al heart u - nite And ev' - ry worth - y soul in - vite While

Be - res - ford shall be our theme, Who keeps a - live the glo - rious flame.

2. For no exception here you see,
Faithful and true we'll ever be;
Dire massacre is not our care,
The dastard foe we often spare.
Then let each, etc.

3. Let it be told our baneful foes
The Orange only mercy knows;
Dark vile assassins stab by night,
When roused by open day we fight.
Then let each, etc.

4. We murder not the cherub child
Nor yet the gentle female mild,
For we are men and so shall know
The traitor and the rebel foe.
Then let each, etc.

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THE REVEALED LIGHT.

1. Ye Protestants all o'er the world,
Your duty's to rejoice,
To praise our God who sits on high,
With one melodious voice.

2. That he has here to us on earth
Vouchsafed that precious light
Whose beams have shone all o'er the world,
In streams both pure and bright.

3. The light in which there's nothing hid,
Where all is bright and clear,
Which, thanks to God, our Sovereign King,
Shines brightest, clearest here.

4. Not so the Papist's flickering lamp
It's course is almost run—
For shining near a clearer light
It's labors are undone.

5. Would they could but see that light
Which here in us doth reign
They'd long to break their Papist bonds,
To snap their chains in twain.

6. But no, while superstition's night
With priestly rule exists:
While blind adherence still retains
It's magic o'er their wits,

7. They ne'er will see the precious light—
That light to us revealed
Far from their half-shut eyes it is
Most carefully concealed.

8. Then is it not our duty here
To render thanks on high,
And to His throne of mercy still
In humbleness all fly?

THE GENIUS OF ORANGEMEN.

By a member of No 184, "City Grand," Armagh.

1. Arise, arise, brave William's sons, arise
And join in the shout of the patriotic throng,
Arise, arise, brave William's sons, arise
And let the heavens echo with your song.
For the genius of Orangemen victory proclaiming
Through the whole world our rights and deeds maintaining.
And the Battle of the Boyne shall be foremost in our song
And William, gallant William's name applauded shall be.

CHORUS.

Then, Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
The Grand Lodge guards for us what William did by charter gain
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
Our loyalty has always been the same.

2. The proud sons of James with rude menace and scorn
Had too long insulted the protestants so free
And vainly did boast that their intrusions would be borne
By England the glory of the sea.
But William soon taught them with peals of thunder
To our loyal Orange flag it was their duty to knock under
And the Battle of the Boyne shall be foremost in our song
And William, gallant William's name applauded shall be.

CHORUS.

Then, Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
The Grand Lodge guards for us what William did by charter gain
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
Our loyalty has always been the same.

The Catalogue

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE SECOND ILIAD OF HOMER, AND ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF

"*The Boyne Water.*"

I—In sixteen hundred and eighty-eight,
On the seventh day of December,
The men of Derry closed their gate,
And the day we will ever remember;
While all around on rising ground,
The foe was fast collecting,
Their pomp and pride our sires defied,
Kind heaven their cause defending

II—Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
In bright array of battle,
But soon in fright fled back again,
When they heard our muskets rattle;
Though some within proclaimed it sin,
And treason to repel them,
Our young men brave, the town to save,
To fly did soon compel them.

III—Wild winter gone, the spring came on,
And James in Munster landed,
The southern coast received his host,
By foreigners commanded;
He soon sent forth to quell the north,
His force from Cork and Kerry,
Triumphant they made good their way,
Till they came to the gates of Derry.

IV—Lord Galmoy's horse with Ramsay's pranced
Around Ballougry mountain,
Nugent and Eustace bold advanced,
To Columkill's fair fountain;
In meadows green their magazine,
Lord Gormanstown protected;
Lord Clare's Milesian flag was seen,
On a Danish fort erected.

V—From Lucan issued Sarsfield's horse,
Their trumpets loudly sounding;
Down Tara hill came Plunket's force,
Their hearts for fame high bounding;
From Drogheda Lord Duncan's band,
Were raised by royal bounty,
Tyrconnell's from Fitzgerald's land,
And Grace's from King's county.

VI—Talbot march'd here from Kildare,
Purcell from Tipperary,
Waucop and Buchan present were,
From the wilds of Inverary;
Dublin's Mayor did here repair,
The Butlers from the Barrow,
Roscommon sent Lord Dillon's heir,
The Derry walls to harrow.

VII—On steeds by all the army praised,
Came Parker's troops from Navan,
O'Reilly with the force he raised
Round the hills and vales of Cavan;
Clifford's troops came here from Clare,
To join King James's party,
Cotter's dragoons too had their share,
Of fame with Lord Clancarty.

VIII—From Cork's wild shore MacCarthy More,
The tyrant's force augmented,
MacMahon's men their standards bore,
In Clones regimented;
Hagan's were seen from Glenswood green,
To great O'Neill related,
And Gallagher tall, from fair Donegal,
Was the last of the men that retreated.

IX—Bellew came from Duleck hall,
To see his monarch righted;
Fagal of Filtrim with Fingal
His cavalry united;
'Twas James's plan that Lord Strabane
Should give proud Derry warning,
But he went off with a shout and scoff,
His words the townsmen scorning.

X—His namesake here felt no such fear,
Stood for his country bleeding;
His valiant hand saved life and land,
To Abercorn's rank succeeding;
The men of Strabane were to a man,
For church and crown contending,
Tho' their Lord play'd the fool for knave's mischief
They were here our fair walls defending.

XI—At the crystal rill near Pennyburn mill,
Were Bagnall's forces posted,
Fitzgerald's on the chapel hill,
Of faith and fealty boasted;
The batteries at Culmore fort,
With sod-works were surrounded,
And loud their culverin's report
O'er hill and vales resounded.

XII—On the Sheriff's ground, a new rais'd mound,
Lord Louth took a strong position,
And with Lord Slane did there remain,
Their troops in high condition;
Bred on the flowery banks of Boyne,
Then unrenown'd in story
They here the Irish troops did join,
In vain pursuit of glory.

XIII—Brave troops from Cork around Brookhall
A dangerous post demanded;
O'Neill's dragoons, all stout and tall,
The other shore commanded;
Kilkenny's Graces chose the spot
From which the boom extended
Across the Foyle, where bullets hot
That narrow pass defended.

XIV—Cavenagh was seen on Claggin burn,
His Wicklow warriors leading,
Whence few were fated to return,
Though then in pride parading;
Ten thousand men from fair Prehen,
In trenches deep protected,
On every hill display'd their skill,
And batteries erected.

XV—From Trough's green fields McKennas came,
In numbers all surmounting,
And from Mayola's golden stream
Came Bradleys past the counting;
From Longford far to the field of war
O'Farrel's forces wandered,
And did their best in Walker's nest
To plant King James's standard.

XVI—When Bryne O'Neill of Balnascreen
An alderman was chosen,
And when Broughshane our mayor was seen,
Our hearts with fear were frozen:
O'Rourke was down for a civic gown,
O'Shields and Mac Conways elated,
MacAnallies from Tyrone and Con Baccagh's son
On our magistrate's bench was seated.

XVII—From Ailagh's throne in Innishone,
O'Dogherty came shouting,
From Kenaughts plain came Manus Cane,
A victory not doubting;
Lough Erne's shore, with many more,
Sent here Maguire boasting,
Of days long gone, old forty-one,
In flowing bumpers toasting.

XVIII—Meanwhile within our threatened wall,
Were traitors wild assembling,
Ready the Irish in to call,
While timid friends were trembling;
Hundreds gone, as foes came on,
A tone of scorn assuming,
Crowds every day that pass'd away,
Our scanty stores consuming.

XIX—No food could come from Innishone,
All passes guarded round us,
Our haughty foemen held Tyrone,
With famine to confound us;
The aid that here from England came,
Our governor commanded,
To sail away the very day
They would have timely landed.

XX—What could the maiden city do,
By all these troops invested?
She raised her standard of true blue,
By freedom's foes detested;
The goodly sign, like bow divine,
O'er Ulster brightly beaming,
Brought quickly forth the sons of the north
The post of honor claiming.

XXI—First to the town Squire Forward came,
His bands from Burt proceeding;
And Stewart and Grove, to the field of fame
Heroic soldiers leading;
In a meadow great, near Ballindreat,
Brave Rawdon joined Lord Blaney,
While war's wild sound re-echoed round,
From the Foyle to the Southern Slaney.

XXII—Macnaghtan next came here a boy,
From fair Benvarden blooming,
And Moore with troops from Aughnacloy,
A high command assuming;
To aid our town from warlike Down,
Hill came and cross'd our ferry;
The Hillsborough men were welcome then
To the troubled men of Derry.

XXIII—Here, too, was brave Lord Massareen
In William's army serving;
Stafford thro' the war had been,
The highest praise deserving;
Cairnes, in our darkest day,
The tyrant's power slighted;
For gallant deeds in many a fray,
Was young George Maxwell knighted.

XXIV—Glasslough men, all in armour bright,
Caledon's horsemen aided,
Johnston led them to the fight,
From the field where they first paraded;
Graham's band did James withstand,
With valor prompt and steady,
His sires of yore were evermore
To fight for freedom ready.

XXV—Newcomen and Fane renown did gain,
With Lindsay Smith and Wallace;
Rice and Dunbar, Davis and Kerr,
Defended the gate near the palace;
Kinnaston and Wright put the foe to flight,
Sherrard, Garnett and Hanna,
To the field did advance, with valiant Lance,
And Church from the banks of Banna.

XXVI—Obre and Stiles rode many miles
Laurels to reap unfading;
Cust and Cross, and Pooler of Tyross,
Cochran these heroes leading.
From Lisnaskea in strong array,
Came Noble here to battle;
We saw Munro right forward go,
Where cannon balls did rattle.

XXVII—Michelburne here, in this dark year,
With Baker shared great glory;
Lord Lettrim's heir, with valiant Blair,
Shine bright in Derry's story.
Fortescue brave here, found a grave,
Sinclair the foe resisting;
Sanderson still, with strength and skill,
Kennedy and Ash assisting.

XXVIII—Crofton and Campsie nobly fought,
With Irwine, Hall and Barry;
Crookshank and Upton ever sought
The foes proud force to parry;
Squire led the way in every fray,
Major Bull was for valor noted;
Adams of Strabane, at our cannon was a man
To Derry's cause devoted.

XXIX—From Charlemont came Caulfeild's corps,
Chichester from Dungannon,
With many more who at Dromore
Escaped King James's cannon.
Porter strong, Leslie and Long,
Macartney and brave Downing,
Spike and Speight held shipway gate,
At the boom we lost brave Browning.

XXX—Hindman fired on Antrim's men,
When they with wild Maguire,
Took flight and off thro' Dermott's glen
Thought proper to retire;
Dalton, Baker's right hand man,
With Evans, Mills and Ewing,
And Bacon of Magilligan,
The foe were oft pursuing.

XXXI—Hamilton, here a Laganeer,
Brought with him troops unbending,
Montgomery most gallantly
Our sacred walls defending;
Shroud and Shaw, in fight we saw,
With Macklin, Young and Harvey,
Who bravely stood, and shed their blood,
With Cooke of Lisnagarvey.

XXXII—Lenox and Lecky quickly went
For aid to the Scottish borders,
And ere they went to their shores they sent
For our food and raiment orders;
Babington and Brooke great trouble took,
Major Philips was our kind protector;
Godfrey of Coleraine did our cause sustain,
With Jemmet our brave collector.

XXXIII—Parker joined us from Coleraine,
From Garvagh young George Canning,
A noble soul without a stain,
No wily mischief planning;
Morgan and White here joined the fight,
Led on by Adam Murray,
Logan, Lane, Fisher and Fane,
Conyngham and Curry.

XXXIV—Tomkins forward proudly went,
When many were despairing,
His tenants formed his regiment,
With Guthridge, Hunt and Hering;
The Cumber men came from their glen,
James Murray their commander,
Where Radcliffe fought and glory sought,
With Lord Mount Alexander.

XXXV—From Lissan Beatty came across,
Knox from green Kilcaden,
Hunter, Cowan, Clarke and Ross,
Mulholland came from Eden;
Comyn's gun, made many run,
Amazed was each by-stander,
When Houston weak sure aim did take,
And killed a French commander.

XXXVI—Hillhouse and Boyd were both employ'd,
Our sacred walls defending,
Dobbin came far to the scene of war,
With fortitude unbending;
Tracy, Fullerton and Hume,
With Manson, Smith and Hilson,
Stood here against the slaves of Rome,
With Wilkins, Keys and Wilson.

XXXVII—Early in the opening spring
Came Grigson, Black and Bailly,
McCausland, Fleming, Hare and King,
Were all in action daily;
Galtworth, Cathcart and Adair,
Oft weak from want of dinner,
Depress'd with care did oft repair,
To the walls with Robert Skinner.

XXXVIII—Sir Tristram Beresford's array,
Coleraine some days defended,
And here at last they made their way,
In martial line extended;
Sir John Magill was ready still,
Both night and day for action,
And Cary sought, and nobly fought,
To crush King James's faction.

XXXIX—Cromie swimming in with Roche,
Both in the water wounded,
Announced that Kirk would soon approach,
Which Rosen's hope confounded;
Bennett, Christie, Pearse and Bell,
Were to our cause devoted,
Count Schomberg stood for Derry well,
And highly was promoted.

XL—Denniston in this dark year,
And Barrington and Jenny,
With Adam Alcock soon came here,
With forces from Kilkenny;
Ponsonby brave was here to save,
The threaten'd walls of Derry,
His trusty sword made him a lord,
And saved his lands in Kerry.

XLI—And last not least from Donoughmore,
George Walker came to guide us,
His name we'll honor evermore,
Let weal or woe betide us;
When press'd with woe, in spirits low,
We heard his words endearing,
When he said go, we sought the foe,
His voice our courage cheering.

XLII—One hundred shots at him one day,
Were fired, when we were fighting,
And o'er his head had pass'd all away,
While we their cause were blighting;
He sav'd his brother hero's life,
When Murray was surrounded,
Thro' all these scenes of mortal strife,
He never was confounded.

XLIII—At last by all our sufferings moved,
Kind heaven its aid extended,
The tyrant's arts abortive proved,
And Derry's woe was ended:
In one dark night the foe took flight,
The country round them burning,
And ere 'twas day all far away,
They thought not of returning.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

SOPRANO.

1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.

ALTO.

1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.

TENOR.

1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.

BASS.

1. God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen.

Accompt.

Send her vic-to-rious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to_ reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.

Send her vic-to-rious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to_ reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.

Send her vic-to-rious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.

Send her vic-to-rious, Hap-py and glo-rious, Long to_ reign ov-er us, God save the Queen.

2. O Lord our God arise, Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix, God save us all.

3. Thy choicest gifts in store, On her be pleas'd to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws, And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice, "God save the Queen."

Queen.
Queen.
Queen.
Queen.
he Queen.
he Queen.
he Queen.
he Queen.
s'd to pour,
cause
he Queen!